TN USA3 C1891 01
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
PERIODICALS
ART ACQUISITIONS
EAST ORANGE NJ
07019
165
CTY
JAN0988
PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
East Orange, NJ 07019
JUL 20 1987

The Nation.

July 18/25, 1987 $1.25; U.K. £1

INTERNATIONAL: ARMS TO IRAN
See page 47

EDITORIAL

1787 AND ALL THAT

Confirmation of Judge Robert Bork as a Justice of the Supreme Court would start a reversal in the growth of freedom over the past 200 years. He wants to reduce drastically the traditional role of the courts in protecting individual liberties. Bork claims the judicial role is to interpret the true intentions of the framers, but if one thing is sure about the Constitution's history, it is that the document would not have been adopted without the addition of the Bill of Rights. And it was clearly understood at the time that the courts would be the guardians of those rights. As Thomas Jefferson wrote, the great virtue of a Bill of Rights is "the legal check it puts in the hands of the judiciary."

Bork's version of original intent is the back door to right-wing judicial activism. Bork has made it clear in his decisions and legal writings that he would shut the courthouse door to those who assert individual rights against state authority. He has condemned as unconstitutional Supreme Court decisions establishing the right to practice contraception, to have an abortion and to vote in a fairly apportioned district, as well as many decisions striking down race and sex discrimination. Despite conveniently timed recantations, he is on record opposing public-accommodation laws as an infringement on property rights and, most worrisome of all, disapproving of protection for nonpolitical speech.

The myth that Bork is a humble practitioner of judicial restraint should be laid to rest. As his rulings restricting citizens' access to the courts and gutting antitrust laws show, he does not hesitate to disregard precedent or ignore Congressional intent when his own values (almost always coinciding with those of the far right) are at stake. Bork's ideology should be the prime issue at his Senate confirmation hearings, and should provide sufficient reason for rejecting him.

BABY M LETTERS

TRUE NORTH
Terry Southern

EUROPEAN ARMS SALES TO IRAN
Kenneth R. Timmerman

PORT HURON RECONSIDERED
Nicholas Xenos

X-RATED ROCK
Michele Landsberg

HENRY THREADGILL
Gene Santoro

JACKSON IN IOWA

A POPULIST MESSAGE HITS HOME

ANDREW KOPKIND

Des Moines

It is impossible to get the full flavor of a presidential caucus campaign in Iowa without attending a kickoff celebration in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Savery, a hot and airless space in which you will see every resident or transient politician, lobbyist, journalist, contributor and promoter in the capital, not one of whom should you trust with your wristwatch. It was to such a gathering that Democratic Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware came one night early last month, on the last leg of a movable announcement festival that began when he officially declared his candidacy in a train station in Wilmington, Delaware; continued in the rotunda of the Russell Senate Office Building in Washington; and ended up in the boondocks, where America's heart belongs.

Iowa's party caucuses next February 8 will provide the first test of popularity for the countless candidates (there seem to be at least sixteen real or prospective entrants so far), and the long and expensive campaigns for a few votes constitute a major economic boost and cultural fillip for a state otherwise in desperate decline. It behooves candidates not only to woo voters by taking tough stands and making bold promises but also, by their presence, to provide moral support for the heartland that many Iowans feel the rest of America has forgotten.

The Biden strategy was ballyhoo. Hours before the candidates winged in from Washington, a convoy of chartered buses from the Iowan outback pulled up to the Savery and disgorged their loads of wide-eyed passengers wearing

(*Continued on Page 52*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

MOTHER COURAGE

Philadelphia

Hurray for Katha Pollitt and *The Nation* for "The Strange Case of Baby M" [May 23]. I have been waiting and waiting for someone to say all the things I have been feeling about this mother and child, but found them nowhere in the pages of *The New York Times* or even *Ms.* I can still hear people shrieking about Pollitt's shrillness and see them nodding that her vehemence is to be expected because she is pregnant, which they know addles the mind somewhat. The truth is that she is right, right, right.

A lawyer and mother of two who feared she would not like her babies before they were born, I now love them with a love that could be as desperate as Mary Beth Whitehead's, were I threatened with their loss. I only wish Whitehead had been blessed with the support of a lawyer with Pollitt's insight. I don't know the extent of the irrational things I might do if someone tried to take my children.

Yes, I too have an ax to grind. Mothers in even the most liberated households are given the lion's share of responsibility for children. They accept it, as far as I can tell, because of the bond that has developed in those nine months and during the birth process, and because if they don't, who will? Today, society gives them little or no support, but plenty of hostility. If the mother worked before, she is looked down on if she doesn't return to work immediately. If she stays at home, she is wasting her education, or if she is a welfare mother, she is getting fat at society's expense. Good, reliable, loving child care is next to impossible to find, but any child care eats up most of what a mother earns. If she tries to make flexible work arrangements, she is not serious about her job. She doesn't get raises or promotions. If she expects the father home at reasonable hours to participate in nurturing, she is harming his career when he is trying to meet "his" new financial responsibilities. Besides, if she is breast-feeding, she is shutting him out. Let it be known, I am not dumping on the beloved father of my children; I believe our child-and-mother-hating society is placing those pressures on him, too. The Pope and the President and their right-to-life cronies want us to have children; they are not about to help us take care of them with any financial or emotional support.

I have a feeling that Judge Harvey Sorkow has unresolved issues with his mother, if he felt the need to describe Whitehead in the terms he did for acting desperate in the face of permanent loss of the child she loved. The polls may well show people siding with the Sterns because of the mixed feelings all of us have about our mothers, who become the targets of all blame. I hated my mother for a time, because she was not perfect and could not meet my every need, as she did when I was an infant. Now, as a mother myself, I understand why and I can see the conflicting pressures she had to deal with.

Katha Pollitt, my best wishes and solidarity to you and your child to be. I hope Mary Beth Whitehead reads your article and knows that others have shared her pain and feel outrage on her behalf. Whitehead is not alone, despite what it may look like in the newspapers or on the bench.

Anna M. Durbin

STOP THE PARADE

Martinez, Calif.

Katha Pollitt's Baby M article is to my mind the best thing you've printed in months. I hope it receives wide circulation. It correctly identifies Judge Harvey Sorkow and his curious alliance of admirers as the myopic vanguard of a grand parade back to savagery. Since there is, alas, no Nobel Prize for public stupidity, the good judge will just have to be content with a marshal's baton and a front seat on the float of the golden calf.

Larry Tool

THE EMPTY NEST

Topeka, Kan.

I'm weary of reading in left periodicals that there is no shortage of adoptable babies in the United States, but only a shortage of "healthy white newborn[s]," as Katha Pollitt writes. My husband and I are a stable, solvent, loving couple who have indicated that we will accept an older child, a nonwhite child and a wide range of medical handicaps. Yet we are still overwhelmed by the slowness and frustration of the adoption process, and we still don't have a child. I think it's also important to note that in many communities—ours included—white couples who would love to adopt a nonwhite child have been intimidated by the minority social-worker community, which opposes interracial adoption as "imperialist" and "paternalistic." We are not helped by fellow progressives who, out of ignorance or naïveté, dismiss our problems as nonexistent or as artifacts of our own selectivity.

Name withheld by request

BEHIND THE SURROGACY BOOM

New York City

I doubt that readers of *The Nation* would disagree with Katha Pollitt's assertions that class, sexism and commodity fetishism were inherent in the judge's decision, the lawyers' arguments and the public's reaction in the Baby M case. But her mode of argument—i.e., her simplistic polemic with oppositional views, her alliterative word play, her leaps in logic from the general to the specific and vice versa, her specious and hyperbolic analogies, and her reiteration of well-known truisms about what capitalism does to women—reveals a paucity of hard thinking that leads inevitably to her concluding statement: "It's really that simple." By letting her hot indignation get the better of her, Pollitt fails to persuade us of anything more than what many of us already know. But what is needed is a deepening of our understanding of the issue by an examination of the problems of surrogacy, i.e., the changing nature of mothering and motherhood; the conflict of women, single and married, torn between careers and children; and what is claimed to be the growing infertility of women who decide to have children at a late age—to name a few. Such an examination would reveal that the matter is not "really that simple," and poses such questions as whether surrogacy is necessarily a capitalist phenomenon and whether a surrogate mother's "right to change her mind" vis-à-vis the "contract" is as easily resolvable as Pollitt seems to assert.

Pollitt herself yields to an unwitting sexism and class insensitivity as she trashes all the characters in the "plot." Her antimale bias is nowhere more apparent and self-serving than when she dismisses William Stern's paternity as consisting of a "way for men to get children" by "ejaculating into a jar"; when she portrays Mary Beth Whitehead as a poor innocent, a "baby machine" forced by socioeconomic circumstances to "lease her womb" to accommodate Stern's sperm (do we remember the old sexist saying that "it's a woman's prerogative to change her mind"?); and by her obvious bias against Elizabeth Stern for being what some have called "an upwardly mobile woman who belatedly decided to have a child." And finally, what kind of class-consciousness, let alone feminist sensitivity, enables her to wax lyrical over the joys of pregnancy, ignoring the fact that there are millions of poor women overburdened with more children than they can care for either economically or emotionally? Indeed, her class-consciousness appears to devolve into a conflict between a good working-class womb and a venal capitalist phallus.

Some *Nation*-reading friends of mine have given their hosannas to Pollitt's piece because it appears to reinforce their views on the issues regenerated by the Baby M case: class, gender and family. But this reader—and I suspect others as well—feels cheated that the piece does little to deepen our understanding of why the issue has taken on such urgency now, and fears that many may be taken in by a style that makes a complex problem appear "really that simple."

Carol Remes

CONTRACTING ADULTS

New City, N.Y.

Katha Pollitt, in her brief for Mary Beth Whitehead, demonstrates that she has not

(*Continued on Page 56*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 245, Number 2

LETTERS
38

EDITORIALS
37 1787 and All That
39 The Tangled Web
40 Secord Agent
41 True North *Terry Southern*

COLUMNS
42 Uncivil Liberties *Calvin Trillin*
43 Beltway Bandits *David Corn and Jefferson Morley*
44 Beat the Devil *Alexander Cockburn*
46 Dark Horsepower Candidate *Edward Sorel*

Drawings by Robert Grossman

ARTICLES
37 Jackson in Iowa: A Populist Message Hits Home *Andrew Kopkind*
47 An InterNation Story: Europe's Arms Pipeline to Iran *Kenneth R. Timmerman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
58 Miller: "Democracy Is in the Streets": From Port Huron to the Siege of Chicago *Nicholas Xenos*
60 New York Song (poem) *Stanley Moss*
61 Gore: Raising PG Kids In an X-Rated Society *Michele Landsberg*
64 Theweleit: Male Fantasies: Volume I: Women, Floods, Bodies, History *Michael Rogin*
65 Music *Gene Santoro*

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors,* George Black, Elsa Dixler, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor,* Micah L. Sifry; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Associate Literary Editor,* Maria Margaronis; *Assistant Literary Editor (Copy),* Julie Abraham; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Copy Chief,* Art Winslow; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Vania Del Borgo, Judith Long; *Interns,* Elise Ackerman, Dana Barooshian (Washington), Wayne Lionel Aponte, T. Ayers Kelly, Tanjam Narasimhan, Ken Silverstein, Anita Dennis, Rita Werner. *On leave,* Katrina vanden Heuvel.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art,* Arthur C. Danto; *Dance,* Mindy Aloff; *Films,* Terrence Rafferty; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* David Hamilton, Edward W. Said; *Bureaus: Washington, D.C.,* Jefferson Morley, editor; David Corn, correspondent; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*). *Contributing Editors:* Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe. *InterNation Editor,* Mark Schapiro.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher and General Manager, David Parker; *Assistant General Manager,* Neil Black; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers,* Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Director of News Services,* Phillip Frazer; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Eamonn Fitzgerald; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* Randall Cherry, Mitchel Cohen, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates Director,* Nancy Bacher; *Syndication,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. Directors: Arthur Carter, Hamilton Fish 3rd, Victor Navasky. © 1987 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price:* One year, $36; two years, $67. Add $9 for postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

The Tangled Web

Lieut. Col. Oliver North began his encounter with the Iran/*contra* Congressional committees with a startling proposition that gets to the heart of the hearings: lying in the defense of covert action is no crime, and truthfulness toward the American people is no virtue. In his most convincing Jimmy Stewart twang, North told House committee counsel John Nields Jr. that he considered no lie too big to commandeer for the purposes of presidential policy. Now, it was one thing for Nixon aide Charles Colson to swear to the Watergate committee that he would run over his grandmother to protect his President, and another for North to swear—even with limited immunity—that he'd run over the American people as well. No President is worth a single lie, no policy justifies public deception. The reason is not merely philosophical but profoundly political. Mendacity poisons politics, defeats diplomacy, damages democracy and ultimately—always—destroys the very policies it is meant to support.

The proceedings that North joined recently are the direct result of such destructive deceptions. President Reagan, or his handlers and keepers, set out to circumvent public opinion and legislative will in matters of Middle East and Central America policy by developing the intricate structure of interlocking covert activities now known collectively as *Contra*gate. They lied about the details, such as the *contra* supply opera-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions involving Eugene Hasenfus, the Hawk missiles sent to Iran and the private fund-raising efforts—and about the great geopolitical justification for the campaign. They revived cold war terrors and raised the Soviet threat. They pretended that the Soviet Union was building a beachhead in Central America only a few hours' drive from Texas. Obviously projecting his own defeated imperial dreams on his adversaries, North told Tom Brokaw, writing in *The New York Times* for July 7, that the sleepy Nicaraguan town of Bluefields would soon "rival Cam Ranh Bay," the former American naval base in Vietnam. On election eve in 1984, they disinformed American voters with the cock-and-bull story that Soviet MIGs had arrived in Managua. They invented the story that arms were going to Iranian "moderates" and denied that those weapons were being exchanged for hostages.

As North acknowledged, deceit is an organic component of covert action. Unlike classic espionage in traditional wartime, deception in the modern context is directed toward the home front rather than at the enemy. The Nicaraguans knew that Hasenfus was working for the United States, that they were receiving no MIGs and that they were not a staging base for a Soviet takeover of the Americas. The Iranians knew that the arms were coming in exchange for hostages. The Grenadians knew that they were not building a Russo-Cuban military air base, the Libyans knew that America was aiming to kill Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi, the Angolans know that Washington is supporting South Africa's regional imperialism. And the whole world knows that the United States is waging war against independence and reform throughout the Third World. Only the people in whose name the secret wars are waged are kept in the dark. North said lying was necessary to conceal information from his enemies, but he admitted it was also required to assure "plausible deniability" for government officials. In other words, the lies were designed to make it plausible for officials to tell more lies. The covert action was constructed so that President Reagan could deny knowledge of it. "There ain't no smoking gun," Reagan said archly before the North testimony began. Indeed. The whole squalid operation is a smoking arsenal, if Congress will only have the guts to uncover the truth.

Governments do lie. It may be in their nature. But the American government is more hypocritical than others because it purports to support democratic debate and participation, to the maximum feasible extent, in decision making. There is yet no full-fledged Official Secrets Act on the books, as there is in such paragons of democracy as Britain. But mendacity and hypocrisy in combination have a synergistic effect that is absolutely disastrous. There is no reason for anyone, at home or abroad, to believe anything an American official says. Why should Congress now believe that any part of North's testimony is true? Why should Arab kidnappers believe that any one of their victims is not a C.I.A. spy?

The sad news of reporter Charles Glass's "confession" of espionage in his Lebanese (or Iranian) confinement came on the opening morning of North's appearance in the Senate Caucus Room, but the two events seem strangely connected by the history of covert operations. It is so likely that Americans will be up to no good when they travel to world trouble spots, that caution requires belligerents on all sides to expect the worst and act accordingly, with the innocent, which Glass presumably is, paying the price. It is equally likely that U.S. officials, as matters of government policy, will be in the business of subversion, destabilization, diversion of funds, secret war-making and profiteering, and it should be assumed deception will be practiced as a matter of course.

The Watergate scandal resulted in certain electoral and investigative reforms, notably regarding campaign financing and procedures for appointing special prosecutors. The root causes of the Watergate abuses have not been eliminated, but the whole experience has raised public consciousness about the conduct of government and the prevalence of corruption. If the Iran/*contra* scandal has any positive consequences they will be the radical restriction of covert operations, the prohibition of secret wars and a consensus that public deception is no longer an acceptable practice of the presidency.

COMING UP

Daniel Singer on
the European left after the fall

Howard Zinn on the Constitution

Secord Agent

Did the F.B.I. help retired Maj. Gen. Richard Secord investigate two journalists who are suing him and twenty-nine others involved in the *contra* supply operation? On June 23, Glenn Robinette, a twenty-year C.I.A. veteran, testified before the Congressional select committees investigating the Iran/*contra* scandal that he was hired by Secord in March 1986 to dig up dirt on reporters Tony Avirgan and Martha Honey, and on the Christic Institute, which brought the suit on the journalists' behalf. Reportedly, Secord used more than $100,000 generated by the arms sales to Iran to finance his challenge to the Avirgan-Honey-Christic Institute lawsuit.

While working for Secord, Robinette visited Oliver Revell, the F.B.I.'s number-two man, on July 19, 1986. (Lieut. Col. Oliver North twice turned to Revell when he wanted to head off F.B.I. investigations that got too close to his *contra* supply operation.) Robinette also met with other F.B.I. officials during the time he conducted his investigation, according to entries in his calendar. He also traveled to Costa Rica, where the two journalists now live, and while there he passed out $7,000 to informants.

At the Congressional hearings, when Louis Stokes, a member of the House select committee, asked Robinette about the Revell tête-à-tête, Daniel Inouye, chair of the Senate panel, referred the matter to executive session. Two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

days later, Stokes told *The Nation* that the F.B.I. had promised him information regarding Robinette's meeting with Revell, but more than two weeks after that, Stokes had received nothing. "What is Robinette's relationship to Revell?" Stokes said. "I want to see before the hearings are over." Asked if the committees will pursue the matter, Arthur Liman, chief counsel of the Senate panel, said, "The Christic Institute suit is not part of our mandate."

True North

SCENE: Oval Office, RON at his huge desk. OLLIE enters, all spit and polish in his dress uniform, ribbons, etc. His cap looks like it is cemented to his head. He salutes smartly.

RON (*genially*): Hey, Big Fella! Good to see you!

OLLIE (*grinning idiotically*): Thanks, Mr. President, it's good to see *you*!

RON (*mischievously*): Well, you didn't think I was going to leave you hanging out there twisting in the wind, did you? Ho, ho!

(*OLLIE's grin is sustained throughout the scene unless otherwise indicated.*)

OLLIE: I sure *hoped* you wouldn't.

RON: No siree, Bob! We've got some more fish to fry!

OLLIE: Yes sir! Another GIDO operation?

RON (*jovially*): Say, do you know I never *can* remember exactly what those letters G-I-D-O stand for. Tell me again, Ollie.

OLLIE: Well, it's what "Dad" Bill Casey called an acronym. "That little four-letter word," he used to say, "encompasses our whole goddamn Latin America policy." What GIDO stands for, Mr. President, is "Guns In, Dope Out." "And ne'er an empty craft in either direction," as Dad Casey always put it.

RON (*happily*): Well, it makes sense, I guess—no point in flying empty planes back and forth, ho, ho! Say, what news of our Freedom Fighters? And what news of our Southern front?

OLLIE: Gaining momentum, Mr. President, gaining momentum. Only one thing is holding us back, as per usual.

RON (*jubilant*): Sing it out, Ollie!

(*Anticipating what OLLIE is going to say, RON joins in and they sing in unison.*)

RON and OLLIE: Dough-Ray-Me!

RON (*with a twinkle*): Think we could divert some of the PTL funds? Haw!

(*OLLIE joins in the laugh, and the two relish the moment of shared mirth.*)

RON: No, as a matter of fact, I wasn't thinking of Operation GIDO just now—I was thinking of our Persian Gulf operation. Have you been following it, Ollie?

OLLIE (*brow furrowing*): Nope, I'm afraid not. Frankly, Mr. President, I've never been too interested in the whole international gook situation.

RON: Well now, these people—these Kuwaitis—are not actually gooks, Ollie . . . but I take your point: "A gook by any other name," eh? Hee, hee, hee.

OLLIE (*sternly*): My sentiments exactly, Mr. President.

RON (*clears his throat, tries to get serious*): I was talking to Dick yesterday—Dick Nixon—and you remember how Dick had this *marvelous* old Dickensian-type Attorney General? Big Jack Mitchell? A real curmudgeon! Just like Rumpole of the Old Bailey. Wonderful old character actor! Well, anyhoo, Dick and I were talking, and then Dick quoted one of Big Jack's pet sayings: "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." Don't you just *love* it, Ollie? I mean, it got me to thinking that we could use that advice ourselves at this particular point in time.

OLLIE (*with great consternation*): You mean cut and run? Sorry, Mr. President, cut and run is not in my lexicon.

RON (*impatiently*): No, you big wonderful galoot, I don't mean cut and run. I'm talking about moving on to the new second front—the Persian Gulf front! We're wrapping the American flag around Kuwaiti tankers and *daring* the Iranians to attack! (*chuckles*) I call it "Operation 'Make My Day.'" And Ollie, I want you to be in charge of it.

OLLIE (*expression of distaste*): Old Glory around a sleazy dink skow? Ugh!

RON (*tolerantly*): Ollie, I told you they're not actually gooks, or dinks. But anyway, it doesn't matter, it's just a way to bait the Iranians. They did an entrapment number on us, didn't they, with their hostages-for-guns scam. O.K., we'll beat them at their own game! (*with growing excitement*) They'll take a shot at one of *our* tankers and we'll make a *parking lot* out of that whole damn peninsula! And, Ollie, these people *really are* gooks! I mean, we are talking

STONEGRAM: Navigation Warning

Washington. A military clash with Iran in the Persian Gulf would have the happy effect—for the White House—of "shredding" the whole Iran/*contra* investigation just as its findings lap at the Oval Office door. The Ayatollah may thus yet beflag and rescue Reagan's leaky vessel, but at the risk of putting a torch to oil supplies and peace. One of history's familiar lessons is how often regimes in trouble are tempted to slip into war as a way out. This is the peril it's not polite to mention on Capitol Hill.

—I.F. STONE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pure, full-on, black gooks! (*breathing heavily*) And they are going to make my day! (*eyes glittering*) Ollie, I want you to be at the prow of our lead ship. We'll rechristen it Flagship Ollie in honor of you and your apple-pie mom. Do you think she would like that?

OLLIE (*dewy-eyed, speaks softly*): I think she would, Mr. President.

RON: Then I can count on you to head up Operation "Make My Day"?

OLLIE (*salutes smartly*): Glad to be aboard, Mr. President!

RON (*grinning crazily*): Hey, lighten up, Ollie! We're gonna take off the gloves for this one!

(*OLLIE's smile intensifies into a grimace of hilarity.*)

OLLIE (*as loud as he can*): Aw-right! San Anntone! (*gives a wild rebel yell, tosses cap in air*) Hot Damn! Vietnam!

(*SLOW FADE TO BLACK*) TERRY SOUTHERN

Terry Southern, co-author of Dr. Strangelove *and* Easy Rider, *is completing a novel titled* Youngblood. *Among his other books are* Candy *(Dell) and* Magic Christian *(Random House).*

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

Just when I was beginning to think I was fated to be one of those columnists who's never attacked by anyone, I was attacked by *DM News*. What a relief! For those of us engaged in the sordid little business of shooting BBs at decent folks, after all, there's nothing more discouraging than evidence that we don't seem to be drawing any blood at all.

Actually, when I envisioned an attack on myself, an article in *DM News* was not exactly what I had in mind. I had imagined the President calling a White House press conference to say that, after seething for two years about my having reported that he thought Polaris was a denture cleanser, he finally had to call me a cad—the sort of columnist who would stoop to slurring a man's wife.

"I certainly meant no slur by observing that Mrs. R is a woman who always smiles and never laughs," I reply, slurring away.

I thought I might at least be attacked by Gen. Alexander Haig. As I envisioned it, Haig, a man with a quick temper, challenges me to a duel (polysyllabic malapropisms at ten paces), simply because I referred to him recently as Alexander Maximus, or simply because I referred to him recently as Alexander the Grape or simply because I referred to him recently as Old Number Three.

I never thought I'd be attacked by a publication rather than a person, although I did wonder last year what a duel with the publisher of *Vanity Fair* would be like, just in case he was displeased at my reference to his publication as "the house organ of the Eurotrash." For this duel, I figured, we would be at opposite ends of a dinner table that is otherwise occupied by gossip columnists and glitz-hounds and dress designers and countesses from New Jersey and puffy old degenerates, and at the count of ten we'd flick pats of butter at each other from sterling silver butter knives.

But it turns out that the people I had imagined offending hadn't found anything in the least offensive about what I'd written. The only people I offended were the people who run *DM News*, a trade paper in what used to be called the direct mail industry. (Apparently, it is now called the direct marketing industry, so if you've been referring to what it fills your mailbox with as "junk mail" you're guilty of incorrect usage; that stuff is properly called "junk marketing.") What made the folks at *DM News* angry was a column I wrote this spring about how I cheer up the people who work in circulation fulfillment departments—the people who have the tedious job of processing those subscription cards that are always falling out of magazines—by sending in the cards (which are postage paid) with little messages like "Keep up the good work, Circulation Fulfillment People."

Although *DM News* said the column was "mildly humorous" (the unkindest cut of all), it also said that I was attempting to provoke readers to sabotage the entire subscription-card operation by flooding it with irrelevant nonsubscription messages that magazines have to pay to receive. As my Aunt Rosie would say, "See what happens when you try to do something nice for somebody."

Here I am trying to cheer up the entire subscription-card work force, at a modest cost to the industry, and industry honchos accuse me in *DM News* of entering into a conspiracy with the American Newspaper Publishers Association to undercut "a competitive media." As it happens, that's one of the few conspiracies around that I haven't been a part of. I didn't even know that subscription cards were part of the junk-marketing industry. If it had occurred to me that I was sabotaging anyone, I would have thought I was sabotaging the magazine industry—taking a little nibble on the hand that feeds me.

But that's just it: for once, I had no intention of offending anybody. How embarrassing for me when I run into my fellow mudslingers! The only time I'm attacked, it's for being a considerate and warmhearted citizen. But how could I be thinking of myself? I realized that circulation fulfillment people who read *DM News* would think I had been using them. They'd all be terribly hurt. Fortunately, when that realization struck me, I was on an airplane. I hurried back to the magazine rack and removed the subscription cards from every magazine whose circulation fulfillment people I'd written to before—*Vogue*, *The New Yorker*, *U.S. News & World Report*, *Time*, *GQ*, *Esquire*. I wrote the same message on every card: "Whatever you read to the contrary, I sincerely meant what I said." When we landed, I dropped all the cards into the mailbox. I felt a lot better.

Copyright © 1987 Calvin Trillin. Distributed by King Features Syndicate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN
JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ Lost in Afghanistan

With public attention focused on the Iran/*contra* scandal, a much larger and perhaps more diversion-prone arms trail has escaped close scrutiny—the more than $1 billion in secret U.S. support going to the rebels fighting Soviet forces in Afghanistan. Now a promising investigation into the C.I.A.-run Afghan aid program has come to a halt, apparently with the blessing of Representative William Gray, who initiated the probe.

In February, Gray asked the General Accounting Office, the auditing arm of Congress, to investigate the covert program. Gray did so following charges by the Federation for American Afghan Action (F.A.A.A.), a Washington-based rebel support group, that between 1980 and 1984, 70 percent of the Congressionally approved arms shipments to the mujahedeen never reached them. In recent months, several press accounts have noted wide discrepancies between what Congress ordered sent and what the rebels received. According to "Foreign Report," a weekly newsletter published by *The Economist*, of the first 150 Stinger missile launchers shipped to the mujahedeen from the United States, only twenty-eight reached them.

What happened to the rest? The G.A.O. was supposed to find out, but its inquiry has been placed on hold, as the C.I.A. would not cooperate (just as it refused to cooperate with a 1986 G.A.O. probe into *contra* funding). Instead, the agency offered to brief Representative Gray on the program. "Gray was willing to listen and then make a determination of whether or not to go forward," a G.A.O. investigator said. "But as far as we know, he has not been briefed yet. We're waiting for a green light from him." A spokesperson for Gray declined to comment.

Gray has been under pressure not to push the G.A.O. probe. One expert on Afghanistan told us that at a meeting of members of Congress on Capitol Hill, several House supporters of aid to the mujahedeen attacked the inquiry as pointless harassment of the resistance.

If the G.A.O. probe dies, that will leave the responsibility for examining charges of C.I.A. mismanagement with the Congressional intelligence committees. Recently, the Senate Intelligence Committee announced it would conduct "independent spot-checks" of the C.I.A.'s own audits of its covert aid programs. But committee members David Boren and William Cohen were quick to add, "A full, comprehensive [auditing] capability would not be necessary."

■ Crocker's Barrel

The State Department is quietly trying to crawl from the wreckage of "constructive engagement" in South Africa. Chester Crocker, the discredited Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, still retains his job, but the U.S. diplomatic corps assigned to the region is being reshaped. Foreign Service officers with experience in the region or who have dealt with opposition groups in countries with repressive regimes are being assembled. For example, S. Allen (Tex) Harris, a diplomat who won notice in the 1970s by publicly criticizing the Argentine government for human rights abuses, is set to become U.S. Consul General in Durban, South Africa. Gibb Lanpher, recently assigned to the Office of South African Affairs, met with top African National Congress officials in Botswana in January. Lanpher was the U.S. observer at the Lancaster House talks that led to dissolution of the white minority government in Rhodesia-Zimbabwe in 1979 and 1980. Not long ago, a diplomat with Lanpher's background would have been shut out completely. The new number-two official at the U.S. Embassy in Botswana is a career Foreign Service officer who once served on the staff of the House Subcommittee on African Affairs, a source of persistent criticism of Crocker's policies.

■ Sofaer So Good?

Maybe the Administration should have named Judge Abraham Sofaer, the State Department's legal adviser, to head the C.I.A. instead of former F.B.I. chief William Webster. When Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d was stumbling through the Administration's initial investigation of the Iran arms deal and Webster was sitting on his hands, Sofaer showed he has the instincts of a spy master. On November 21, when Meese began his inquiry, Meese and Webster agreed that an F.B.I. investigation was unnecessary because no criminal conduct was involved. That same day, Sofaer drafted a memorandum suggesting there was a connection between the Iran arms deal and U.S. activities in Central America. Even after Meese's aides discovered a memorandum revealing the diversion of funds to the *contras* on November 22, Webster did nothing. Unaware of Justice's find, Sofaer told a Meese aide that he was "scared" that the difference between the cost of the arms and the price Teheran paid for them might mean that money from the arms sales was going to subsidize the *contra* supply operation.

If Sofaer suspected the Iran/*contra* connection, why didn't Webster? Several weeks earlier Webster had temporarily suspended a criminal investigation into Southern Air Transport's role in the *contra* supply operation because the company was linked to a hostage-release initiative. The nation's number-one gumshoe seems to have missed an important clue.

■ "Character" Watch

Jesse Jackson and George Bush have been dogged in recent weeks by reporters citing "rumors" and concerns about "character." In the innovative parlance of journalism, a "rumor" is something that a reporter strongly believes, and "character" is a synonym for "taste in mistresses." The two candidates have developed the first tactic of the post-Donna Rice era: issue a surrogate denial. Bush had his son deny rumors of a vice presidential dalliance, and Jackson enlisted his wife to warn reporters not to disrupt her home. The surrogate denial prevents the Washington press corps from assuming its preposterous guise of defender of traditional family values. Boudoir coverage is suffering as a result.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAT THE DEVIL.

The Tricoteuse of Counterrevolution

When historians come to trace the rightward swerve of mainstream journalism in the United States over the past decade, they will certainly want to take a long and unloving look at Shirley Christian, recruited to *The New York Times* in the final phase of A.M. Rosenthal's tenure as executive editor. But though she has promulgated fantasies as egregious as those of another recipient of Rosenthal's patronage, Claire Sterling, Christian is today regarded in many quarters as a reporter and not a batty pamphleteer in the Sterling mold.

One of Christian's most effective coups as a right-wing propagandist was an article in the *Washington Journalism Review* for March 1982 which charged that U.S. reporters had been soft on the insurgent Sandinistas before their triumph, failing to disclose the rebels' true nature as cold-blooded Marxist-Leninists with hot lines to Havana and Moscow. This was widely read by publishers and editors, with the result that many reporters in Central America went through shameful contortions to avoid accusations that they were agents of a communist conspiracy.

All in all, in her stints at *The Miami Herald* and *The New York Times*, Christian has proved herself to be as rapturous an apologist for Latin American fascism as you will find writing in a major U.S. newspaper. By way of evidence, consider a June 7 report in *The Times* devoted to the proposition that the Argentine officers who murdered more than 10,000 people in the late 1970s were merely doing their best under trying circumstances and are now "under siege" by a society reacting "ungratefully." Consider also her horrifying June 21 article about Chile headed "An Unlikely Lab for Free Markets."

Christian's theme in the latter piece was that the "Chicago boys"—economists associated with the conservative school of Milton Friedman—have finally turned Chile around and thus their "free-market policies" have been "vindicated." Readers probably nodded approvingly at the bland recitation of auspicious data: G.N.P. up 5.7 percent last year; unemployment down, at 8.8 percent. Christian noted decorously that "some analysts question the merits of some of the free-market policies and wonder whether Chile's poor have actually shared in the economic revival," then moved on to quote such Christian Democrats as Andrés Zaldivar, to the effect that the economy is "successful," and such ultrarightists as Pablo Barahona, who said that the situation in 1973 was "so chaotic" that "80 percent of the people found it completely legitimate for the armed forces to take power, and completely legitimate that the armed forces put down the centers of resistance."

What one would not know from this love poem is that the Chicago boys ran the economy into the ground with such effect that G.N.P. sank 15 percent in 1982 and another 0.7 percent in 1983. It had nowhere to go but up. And that was Chile's second depression, since G.N.P. had crashed by 13 percent in 1975. Essentially the Chilean economy has been stagnating for fourteen years, with national output per capita 20 percent lower than it was at the time of the U.S.-supported coup. Consumption levels have fallen 8 percent since 1973. Per capita income, adjusted for inflation, has dropped sharply, and the manufacturing sector has grown at a rate of 1.1 percent since the coup, as opposed to 4.1 percent in the eight years preceding the coup.

What is happening is that the World Bank, the I.M.F. and Chile's private creditors are financing a short-term boom to help Gen. Augusto Pinochet's "pre-election" campaign, Chile's debt having just been renegotiated on extremely generous terms. As a flack for Pinochet, Christian naturally excludes from the unemployment figures the 11 percent who are underemployed—that is, skilled workers selling trinkets on street corners. She cites a stingy public works program as accommodating 4 percent of the work force, a statistic considered low by sources consulted in researching this column (the Center for International Policy and Americas Watch were particularly helpful). Unemployment in some poor neighborhoods of Santiago is running at 40 to 60 percent, and 10,000 people rely on soup kitchens. Thirty percent of the city's population has inadequate housing. Throughout the country 46 percent of children under the age of 10 are malnourished. More than a quarter of all Chileans live in extreme poverty.

The economic miracle touted by Christian has been the familiar one of a transfer of income from poor to rich. The slice going to the richest 20 percent has risen by almost one-third since 1970; the poorest 40 percent of Chileans make half what they did then. Between 1973 and 1980 the minimum salary was halved in real terms and has declined markedly in the past five years. Annual social spending has dropped about 20 percent from what it was in 1970, and the military budget has soared.

The Barahona quotation was particularly offensive because he was a prominent member of the right-wing campaign to discredit and sabotage the economy under Salvador Allende, whose coalition, despite that campaign, increased its votes from 36.3 percent in 1970 to 43.4 percent in 1973, only a few months before the coup. As my colleague Ken Silverstein, who assisted me with this item, remarked, talking to Barahona about the Allende years is like interviewing Goebbels about the Weimar Republic. Torture, unmentioned by Christian, is widespread. Last year 20,000 people were arrested in raids in the shantytowns.

This is not the first disgusting apology for fascism in Chile produced by Christian. In *The Miami Herald* for November 16, 1980, she hailed Chile's "burgeoning, free-market economy" and declared that Pinochet's "plebiscite" on a new constitution, held in early September of that year, fairly reflected the views of the Chilean electorate and that "most Chileans like their ruler." This, it should be recalled, was a plebiscite in which there were no lists of registered voters and in which blank ballots were counted as votes for the constitution. The Interior Ministry printed the ballots, and Pinochet's officials handled all vote counting. As a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* commented at the time, "The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

main challenge to the government was to take care not to announce more votes than there are Chileans." Imagine what Christian would have made of such conduct if it had occurred in Nicaragua. And this is the reporter *The New York Times* rushed to Washington to do a glowing interview with Lieut. Col. Oliver North shortly after he was fired. Maybe *The Times* and the joint Congressional committees should ask Christian what she knew and when she knew it.

Twenty Years On

Although ignored by *The Nation*, the twentieth anniversary of the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza has prompted some coverage in the media here, including a good program by Tom Brokaw on NBC. But a topic still taboo is the all-important one of who wants a negotiated peace and who does not. On March 27, *New York Times* correspondent Thomas Friedman quoted Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres as saying: "The question of P.L.O. participation [in negotiations] depends very much on the P.L.O. As long as it remains a shooting organization and refuses to negotiate, how can one bring them into negotiations?" Similarly, on December 10, 1986, Friedman reported that Peace Now had "never been more distressed" because of the "absence of any Arab negotiating partner."

But a few days before Friedman wrote this earlier dispatch, the Israeli press stated that the P.L.O. was ready for direct dealings with Israel and went on to detail P.L.O. initiatives to establish "direct negotiations with Israel, which were rejected by Shimon Peres." A spokesman for Peres explained that such rejections of P.L.O. overtures were made on principle. Then, in its issue for December 19, 1986, *Ha'aretz* made it clear why the P.L.O. had been given the cold shoulder, quoting Labor Party "dove" Yossi Beillin, then government secretary and now director of the political office of the Foreign Ministry, as saying that the P.L.O. offer "was immediately rejected because it appeared to be a trick, an attempt to initiate direct negotiations when we are not ready to negotiate with any P.L.O. elements." The paper also quoted Yossi Ben-Aharon, currently director of the Prime Minister's office, as saying that "no one affiliated with the P.L.O. may represent the Palestinian position" and that, as a "precondition" to a settlement, the government was determined "to uproot the P.L.O. from this region: politically, psychologically, socially, economically, ideologically. No shred of influence may remain." Given such views, it is unlikely that Israel will ever accept any P.L.O. overture.

Noam Chomsky, who laid out this sequence in the excellent May 27 special issue of the U.S. weekly *The Guardian*, notes that *The New York Times* not only failed to report the P.L.O. initiative discussed in Israel's Hebrew-language press but also refused to carry a letter setting forth the true record. There's nothing new in this. The U.S. press stood silent in April and May 1984 when, as reported overseas, the P.L.O. offered negotiations leading to mutual recognition, and in 1981 when the P.L.O. endorsed a Soviet proposal, conforming to a broad international consensus, that called for a peaceful settlement that would "insure the security and sovereignty of all states of the region including those of Israel."

The World Upside Down

Puffing across the finish line, *Fortune* for July 6 discovers the "Roaring Eighties," in which "money seems to be the only thing that counts." This is the magazine that last September counseled its readers on "What Managers Can Learn From Manager Reagan." And guess who's to blame for this vulgar materialism? According to Myron Magnet, *Fortune*'s man on the case: "'Commitment,' with its heavy charge of destructive anger and protest, ultimately helped bleed the value out of existing institutions, giving them their present zombielike character. Many who chose the materialist life were consciously rejecting the Sixties and their legacy of destructiveness and nihilism. They were trying to choose the solid bourgeois existence of home and hearth and work that the Sixties had jeered down as worthless." Next they'll be blaming junk bonds on Stokely Carmichael.

The Jenkins Letter (Continued)

Here is the second installment of Tony Jenkins's suppressed letter, sent in July 1986 to *The New York Review of Books*, regarding Robert Leiken's reporting on Nicaragua:

> As a failed academic Leiken has always tried to justify his political lunacy with pseudo-scholarly writings. As evidence, I have already sent you a copy of a tract on Mexico which he offered for publication a few years ago. Of course you don't have the space to print the whole diatribe, so for the benefit of your readers let me summarize the main conclusion: Latin American workers are about to rediscover the virtues of Leninism; therefore, Argentina, Mexico and Brazil can be added to Italy, France and England "as the likely constituents of the next stage of world revolution"!
>
> It was this history of untrustworthy political judgment that led Leiken to team up with the far right on the Nicaraguan issue. He is a political and intellectual nitwit, who brings the fanaticism and tunnel vision of the recent convert to his assessment of the Sandinistas. When the facts don't fit his overblown prose, he simply invents them. That his past nitwittery was of the loony left does not magically validate his critique of a left-wing regime. That he recently advocated "world revolution" does not make him a reliable critic of the Sandinista revolution. Or does *The NYR* want its readers to trust the word of a man who in his middle age went gaga over Stalin and Mao?
>
> As for his trumpeted independence on the Nicaragua question: long before Bob achieved notoriety for his views he was an informal assistant to Arturo Cruz, now one of the top three leaders of the Nicaraguan counterrevolutionary movement, UNO. He also helped Cruz's son, Arturito, and through him the onetime *contra* Edén Pastora. Far from being independent he is a very committed and active lobbyist who has lately become deeply involved with the largest C.I.A.-organized *contra* army, the F.D.N., in an effort to sanitize it and help it win the popular support which it has lacked thus far. In June [1986] his activities caused three top F.D.N. commanders to publicize a signed statement in which they complained of his interference in F.D.N. affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dark Horsepower Candidate

EDWARD SOREL

I'M TELLIN' YA WE'RE GONNA HAVE A DEADLOCKED CONVENTION.
WELL, WHAT ABOUT IACOCCA?
I'VE BEEN SAYIN' THAT FOR MONTHS.
BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HE STANDS FOR!
THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT. HE CAN JUST TALK ABOUT 'GETTING AMERICA MOVING AGAIN.'
GOOD POINT.
BUT CHRYSLER'S ODDOMETER SCANDAL IS GONNA RUB OFF ON HIM.
NONSENSE. IT SHOWED HE WAS PRESIDENTIAL.
YEAH.
LOOK... THE GOVERNMENT INDICTS TWO CHRYSLER EXECUTIVES, RIGHT? SO WHAT DOES IACOCCA DO?
PRESIDENTIAL?
FIRST, HE DENOUNCES THE CHARGES AS "OUTRAGEOUS" EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS THE PRACTICE HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR YEARS.
THEN HE INSISTS THE PRACTICE IS PERFECTLY LEGAL... AND THEN HE HAS A SURVEY DONE TO SEE IF THE PUBLIC IS AWARE OF CHRYSLER'S HANKY-PANKY.
WHEN THE POLL SHOWS THAT 69% ARE AWARE OF THE INDICTMENT, HE MAKES A PUBLIC STATEMENT SAYING THAT HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT, AND HIS EXECUTIVES AREN'T CROOKS... "JUST DUMB."
NOW YOU CAN'T GET MORE PRESIDENTIAL THAN THAT!
Edward Sorel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

AN INTERNATION STORY

Europe's Arms Pipeline to Iran

InterNation is an international consortium of publications, drawing on a global network of journalists, which will on a regular, simultaneous basis publish investigative stories on subjects that cross national boundaries. (This is the second InterNation article to appear in The Nation*; the first, "The Heritage Foundation Goes Abroad," appeared in the June 6 issue.)*

KENNETH R. TIMMERMAN

The war in the Persian Gulf has produced the biggest arms bazaar in the history of the world. Some thirty-three countries currently sell arms to Iraq and Iran, most of them to both belligerents at once. Over the past year, discreet investigations in several European countries have turned up evidence of complicity between government officials and defense contractors to break arms export laws and defy parliamentary controls in an effort to maintain the clandestine arms pipeline. Says Karl-Erik Schmitz, a Swede who runs the Scandinavia Commodities Corporation and who has become a major player in the international black market, "There are only two big consumers of munitions in the world today: Iran and Iraq."

Part of this multibillion-dollar underground trade has been orchestrated by an international cartel involving at least thirteen manufacturers who pooled their resources and jointly fixed prices on munitions and military explosives, making immense profits from keeping the gulf war alive. In another case, missiles from NATO storehouses in West Germany were diverted to Belgium for sale to Iran.

The major offenders are France and Britain. Beyond the lure of windfall profits and the need for new arms-export markets, those two nations are hoping to step into a power vacuum created by the weakened U.S. strategic position in the region, and they have used arms sales to both belligerents as a means of creating influence for years to come.

But it is on sales to Iran that profits have been the highest—with markups of up to ten times the normal price. This is an unexpected side effect of the U.S. embargo on arms sales to Iran, first imposed during the 1979 hostage crisis and reconfirmed by the incoming Reagan Administration in January 1981.

To evade the embargo, Iran sent hordes of agents around the world in search of new weapons and vital spare parts for U.S.-made arms. Their search was particularly fruitful in Israel, which, for strategic reasons, to assure the safety of Iranian Jews and to bolster its own arms industry, has sold Iran as much as $500 million worth of modern weapons per year. Iran was also successful in Europe, where many countries produce U.S. weapons under license.

It was to halt that illicit flow of U.S. arms to Iran that Operation Staunch, as it has come to be known, was launched by the Reagan Administration in 1983. Ambassador at Large Richard Fairbanks made the rounds of U.S. friends and allies abroad, cajoling them to stop arms sales to Iran, at times obliquely threatening to terminate licensing agreements that permitted them to manufacture U.S. arms if they refused.

With a few notable exceptions, Fairbanks's attempts to prevent high-technology weapons systems and spare parts from reaching Iran produced results. In 1984, for example, Fairbanks succeeded in convincing the Italian firm Agusta Bell not to supply Iran with Chinook helicopters it made under U.S. license. "It might not have been a 100 percent success," Fairbanks acknowledged, "but we definitely managed to stop most major weapons systems from reaching Iran from U.S. allies. By the time I returned to private law practice in September 1985, Iran's major suppliers were almost all Soviet bloc countries."

But Fairbanks and his team encountered difficulties when they tried to tackle the black market. Those difficulties turned into a stone wall when allied governments were themselves involved. "There are ways of keeping these things so quiet they never come out," explained Hamilton Spence, managing director for the privately owned British firm Interarms. "There are very few private individuals acting on their own account. It is nearly all down to governments." Britain, for example, still hosts an official Iranian weapons-purchasing mission in London—the Islamic Air Force Logistics Office—and has never ceased direct export of "nonlethal" war matériel to Iran, such as tank engines, spare parts and even naval assault landing craft.

Spain and Portugal were among the biggest problems for Fairbanks, and they remained impervious to Operation Staunch as long as Washington lacked the political will to back up Fairbanks's threats. Helping Spanish Prime Minister Felipe González through the difficult referendum on Spain's membership in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was of greater strategic importance to the United States than stopping the $280 million in Spanish arms deliveries to Iran that occurred between 1983 and 1985. Besides, most of the Spanish and Portuguese deliveries involved the day-to-day hardware of war and, as Fairbanks explained, "We figured there was no way in the world to stop Iran from getting artillery shells, bullets, bombs and weapons like that." The Portuguese, meanwhile, were already beginning to assist the National Security Council's *contra* supply operation—through various proprietary companies run by retired Maj. Gen. Richard Secord—and continued to sell arms to Iran.

After Fairbanks's resignation in August 1985, the West-

Kenneth R. Timmerman is associate editor in Paris for the Journal of Defense & Diplomacy*, and is completing a book about arms sales to Iran and Iraq.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ern arms embargo of Iran collapsed: Operation Staunch was relegated to the diplomatic cupboard and the White House authorized the first deliveries of U.S. arms from Israel to Iran, which left Israel on August 30 and September 14. "It might have started as I was clearing out my desk," Fairbanks said, "but I didn't know about it."

Today all the NATO countries, as well as Sweden and Switzerland, are selling arms to Iran or are lubricating the deals through shipping or financing. Although Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs Marion Creekmore said recently in Paris that Operation Staunch is being reinvigorated in the wake of the Iran/*contra* scandal, all indications are that the arms bonanza will continue well into the future.

Karl-Erik Schmitz, one of Iran's most capable arms brokers, has masterminded deals for Iran worth an estimated $600 million from his base in southern Sweden. Schmitz had conducted business with the Shah for more than twenty years, and Iran's Defense Minister turned to him for help in 1983. Swedish investigators, who interrogated Schmitz at length, agreed that he seemed an unlikely figure to be running a sophisticated black market arms operation. "He was handsome, a family man, extremely polite," they said. "Certainly, not the type of person you would imagine dealing in weapons." When asked by a Swedish reporter whether he had any regrets about selling arms to be used in the gulf war, Schmitz replied blandly: "The powder factories must be kept going. What else would the workers do?"

But Schmitz is also cunning and cynical, and according to Swedish customs investigators he has used every trick in the black marketeer's book. To help his Danish-registered freighters loaded with gunpowder for Iran to avoid the scrutiny of Egyptian authorities while passing through the Suez Canal, he produced fake documents showing the ships were bound for Kenya. He sold gunpowder from Sweden, Holland and West Germany to Yugoslavia, then bought it back and resold it to Iran. He faked end-use certificates from Pakistan and bills of lading. He shipped gunpowder across national borders to be packed into shells and bombs, which obscured the origin and ultimate destination of the shipment. One of Schmitz's munitions deals, for which this reporter saw *pro forma* invoices and other documents, was worth a whopping $150 million. And Schmitz was involved in dozens of deals. Although Scandinavia Commodities Corporation was based in the port of Malmö, he was a world-class operator.

To meet Iran's voracious demand for artillery shells, Schmitz first turned to South Africa, whose munitions plants supplied him with the equivalent of 3,700 tons of gunpowder. But in June 1984 Pretoria cut off the supply without explanation. In fact, South Africa's state-owned Armaments Corporation had just signed a top-secret $400 million contract to supply Iraq with long-range artillery pieces. One of Iraq's conditions for the deal was an immediate end to South Africa's munitions deliveries to Iran.

To make up the shortfall, Schmitz appealed to a little-known cartel of European munitions makers that had grown out of an innocent-seeming trade organization, the European Association for the Study of Safety Problems in the Production of Propellant Powder (EASSP), which was formed in Brussels in 1975. According to a representative of the society based in Paris, the group was intended to be a forum to share information on safety problems in chemical plants and international customs and transportation regulations on explosives.

When the gulf war broke out, EASSP became a convenient cover for a cartel whose sole purpose became supplying Iran and Iraq with munitions. The cartel's core group of thirteen companies included Europe's largest producers of military gunpowder: Nobel Chemie in Sweden, PRB in Belgium, SNPE in France, Nobel Explosives in Scotland, Muiden Chemie in Holland, Forcit and Kemira in Finland, Rio Tinto in Italy, SniaBPD in Italy, Vinnis in Switzerland and Vass A.G. in West Germany.

"Cartel members in Sweden, France, Holland and Belgium would meet regularly to eat and drink together and plan how they would keep Iran and Iraq supplied with munitions," a Swedish customs official explained. "They knew that no single company would produce enough gunpowder to meet the enormous demand, without raising production quotas and attracting attention. So they decided to spread the work around."

During those long business lunches in Paris, Madrid, Geneva and Brugge, cartel members would sit down and divide the monthly gunpowder requirements of Iran and Iraq among themselves. Western intelligence specialists estimate that during the months of intense fighting, Iraq and Iran each fired nearly a half-million heavy artillery shells. That's more than ten times the yearly consumption of most major European armies. And EASSP members were supplying all of it.

The cartel was first cracked in November 1984, when Swedish customs agents raided the headquarters of Nobel Chemie after getting wind of a suspicious gunpowder shipment that had crossed West Germany on its way to Syria and Iran the previous month. "We found lots of correspondence between Nobel and Iran," one investigator said. "So we made another raid, and discovered a real mess." The association was next surprised in action in December 1985, when Swedish customs officials intercepted a twenty-six-ton shipment of Nobel Chemie gunpowder en route from the port of Trelleborg to East Germany and Iran.

The customs investigators were not empowered to stop the cartel's agent, Schmitz, from engaging in black market arms smuggling. Indeed, once Swedish customs officials quietly put a stop to Swedish gunpowder deliveries to Iran in 1986, "Schmitz went to every corner of Europe and elsewhere desperately seeking new suppliers," one investigator said. "He went to Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Greece and especially Israel. He had to continue those deals to avoid financial ruin, because he had posted performance bonds for 5 to 10 percent of the total value of his contracts."

Schmitz himself remains unperturbed by the customs investigations, even though he faces criminal prosecution. In a recent interview with the Stockholm daily *Expressen*,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS MESSAGE OF MESSRS. GOLDMANN, KLUTZNICK & MENDÈS FRANCE WAS SENSIBLE FIVE YEARS AGO.

IT IS TODAY.

Five years ago this month, as the Israeli invasion of Lebanon approached its climax, three great Jewish figures, Nahum Goldmann, former president of the World Zionist Organization and founder-president of the World Jewish Congress, Philip M. Klutznick, president emeritus of the World Jewish Congress and honorary president of B'nai B'rith International, and Pierre Mendès France, former prime minister of France, issued a statement in Paris:

> Peace need not be made between friends, but between enemies who have struggled and suffered. Our sense of Jewish history and the moral imperatives of this moment require us to insist that the time is urgent for mutual recognition between Israel and the Palestinian people . . .
>
> The war in Lebanon must stop. Israel must lift its seige of Beirut in order to facilitate negotiations with the PLO, leading to a political settlement. Mutual recognition must be vigorously pursued. And there should be negotiations with the aim of achieving co-existence between the Israeli and Palestinian peoples based on self-determination.

Since this Paris Declaration, many significant Israelis have added their voices. General Yehoshafat Harkabi, for example, former head of Israeli Military Intelligence and a recognized authority on the PLO states:

> There are Israelis who emphatically and proudly declare that they are doves, that they are against settlement and annexation, yet assert that the PLO is not acceptable as a partner for negotiations. Thus willy-nilly they support maintaining the status quo indefinitely, which only facilitates the process of de facto annexation. What purpose does their alleged dovishness serve? They are self-contented doves who are in effect de facto hawks. Other Israelis draw up a list of what the PLO has to do in order to legitimize itself as a partner for negotiations. The hurdle is thus raised so high that it can never be jumped over. On the contrary, we should make it easy for our adversaries to overcome their inhibitions and forebodings and start negotiating.

The Palestinian question is, in the words of Abba Eban, "volcanic." It threatens regional and world conflict and the future of Israel. The U.S. Government must work for a peaceful settlement. Negotiations require the inclusion of all parties to the conflict, including Israel and the PLO.

FOUNDATION FOR MIDDLE EAST PEACE
555 13th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20004-1109

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schmitz declared his intention to continue doing business. "After all," he explained, "there are so many things you can sell to the Iranians."

Schmitz's sentiment was shared by Sweden's largest arms manufacturer, Bofors, a subsidiary of Nobel Industries Sweden A.B., maker of the RBS-70, a highly sophisticated ground-to-air missile. The RBS-70 contributed to Iraqi losses of forty-five aircraft during the Iranian offensives of January and February. Sources in Washington said the Iranians had become so confident in handling the Swedish missile that they brought it "right up to the front lines."

Although neutral Sweden forbids arms sales to countries at war or in "zones of conflict," since 1978 the largest Swedish arms exporters have used fake end-use certificates and falsified shipping documents to sell weapons to Middle Eastern countries, particularly Iran. And the firms claim they did so with the explicit approval of the K.M.I., the government office responsible for granting arms export licenses. Bofors's then-managing director Martan Ardbo explained, "We thought we lived under a system of double morality. They [the government and the K.M.I.] wanted us to do it like this."

JUSTICE BORK?

Abortion, free speech, civil rights, race relations . . .

In October 1983, and June 1984, Jamie Kalven provided Nation readers with a grounding in the reactionary constitutional philosophy of Judge Robert Bork. Copies of this timely set of articles are now available for $2 each; $1.50 each for orders of 10 or more.

Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to Box D, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add appropriate sales tax.)

Bofors routinely falsified its order books, listing sales of artillery shells, 40-mm naval guns, 155-mm field howitzers and at least 714 RBS-70 laser-guided antiaircraft missiles to Singapore, which re-exported them to Iran and to other blacklisted countries through the state-owned trading company Unicorn International. By 1985, Swedish foreign trade statistics show, Singapore had become the second largest buyer of Swedish weapons, accounting for 14.4 percent of all Swedish arms exports. Other Swedish firms are currently under investigation for similar violations.

One of the primary loopholes used by Bofors was in continuing to produce weapons at its overseas subsidiaries or under manufacturing licenses granted abroad. Although Sweden stopped granting new licenses as of 1983, Under Secretary for Foreign Trade Carl-Johan Åberg admitted that current licensees could sell Bofors weapons anywhere in the world, "and we have no control over that."

Sweden's basic dilemma has long been to balance its standards of public morality against the requirements of its neutrality. The late Prime Minister Olof Palme and others in government realized that the political price of Sweden's neutrality was a healthy arms industry, which could only be maintained through extensive weapons exports. Without export earnings, the RBS-70—vital to Sweden's air defense—might never have been developed, since by the mid-1970s government funding for such projects had declined sharply.

Some of the more unusual arms deals with Iran have originated in Belgium, whose lax customs regulations have turned it into one of the major transshipment points for Iranian arms purchases. The port of Zeebrugge has been used for years to transfer weapons from Sweden and France to Iran. And recently evidence has emerged that a major smuggling operation involving TOW missiles from NATO stockpiles in the United States and Europe was carried on inside the sealed customs zone of Brussels's Zaventem International Airport.

According to intelligence sources in France and West Germany, Gen. Bernard Rogers, then NATO's Commander in Chief/U.S.-European Command, ordered an internal investigation late in 1986 of reports that TOW missiles—and perhaps other military equipment—from NATO warehouses in West Germany had been diverted to Iran in 1985 and 1986. A spokesman for Supreme Headquarters-Allied Powers in Europe, in Belgium, said the investigation was "a political issue" and "the Pentagon has ordered us not to comment on it." The intelligence sources said General Rogers was "furious to learn that NATO weapons were being sold to Iran without his knowledge." The Reagan Administration recently relieved Rogers of his NATO command, which he had held for eight years.

Belgian customs documents show that "at least 3,000 TOW missiles" were involved in a shell-game assembly operation. Chartered cargo planes arriving from military bases in the United States brought in the TOW warheads. Shortly after they taxied to a stop in the customs area, additional planes, carrying missile fuselages and motors from NATO storehouses in Bavaria, would pull up alongside them. Since the warheads were never offloaded—and thus technically

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not imported into Belgium—no customs documents were required. The German planes' cargoes were labeled "industrial parts" and "motors," and did not arouse the suspicion of Belgian customs officials. The missile parts were simply loaded onto the U.S. charter aircraft for the final leg of the journey to Iran.

It is as yet unclear whether those deliveries were part of the Secord-North Iran supply network, although the Belgian daily *Le Soir*, which reviewed Belgian customs documents, declared that the whole operation "had the benediction of the Pentagon."

The recent disclosures of arms-smuggling operations in Belgium and Sweden have led to calls for stricter arms export controls in both countries. But even ironclad laws cannot work where there is no political will to stop illicit sales.

Despite extremely tight controls, as the French press revealed shortly before the country's parliamentary elections last year, the French company Luchaire shipped more than $100 million worth of heavy artillery shells to Teheran, using fake end-use certificates showing their destinations as Brazil, Portugal and Thailand. An official investigation into the illegal deliveries was quietly buried by incoming Defense Minister André Giraud, and Luchaire's president, far from being disgraced, was awarded the Legion of Honor. In the meantime, according to shipping documents reviewed by this reporter, the French electronics giant Thomson-CSF has delivered ground-surveillance radars to Iran through a subsidiary in Argentina. And French intelligence sources say that an American colonel formerly attached to the U.S. Embassy in Paris has been seen "on several occasions" supervising delivery of NATO weapons to Iranian aircraft at a French military airport near Chateauroux. That airport has for years been used on a daily basis for loading arms bound for Iraq.

What the French have done on the sly, the British have chosen to call policy. Although Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher told Parliament in November that Britain would "not supply any military equipment that would prolong or exacerbate the war," the government had dropped all pretense of enforcing an arms embargo against Iran. A month after Thatcher's speech, the government approved the sale of six Plessy Ad 3-D static air-defense radars to Iran worth $343 million. Ostensibly the radars were intended to protect Iran's borders with the Soviet Union and Afghanistan but, as opposition MPs pointed out, there was nothing to prevent their use at the front to direct Iranian air force operations against Iraq. In December *The Observer* reported that an official British government sales office, International Military Services, was concluding arms-supply contracts with Iran's purchasing office in London. A month earlier, Britain had sent $50 million worth of Chieftain tank engines and spare parts to Iran (justified as "resupply under prewar contracts"), and since 1984 the British subsidiary of the Swiss firm Oerlikon-Bührle had been training Iranian antiaircraft gunners on British soil.

The Iran/*contra* scandal has shed some light on the internal workings of the international arms trade, and helped expose the complicity of European arms companies and governments in this illicit traffic. But given the nature of Europe's strategic interests in the gulf, it is doubtful that Iran will have to begin looking for new arms suppliers even if laws are tightened.

For years Europeans had been irritated by U.S. domination of Iran's vast and lucrative arms market; many countries hoped that the Iranian revolution would bring them new contracts. Europe's arms industries are also major employers: in France, for example, weapons production accounts directly for 300,000 jobs, and another 700,000 are weapons-related. Many European countries, particularly France and Britain, are positioning themselves for the post-Khomeini era, and their primary means of convincing Iran's leaders of their future friendship is by selling them arms today.

Probably most important of all is the structure of the European arms industry, which, unlike that of the United States, must export to survive. Sweden, for example, exports more than 50 percent of the arms it produces each

HOW TO MAKE MONEY
GET SOME CHARCOAL, SALTPETER AND SULPHUR...
Genuine CHAR BOY
CHARCOAL
SEND IT ALL TO A FRIEND IN A FRIENDLY FOREIGN COUNTRY. TELL HIM TO MIX IT UP IN A BLENDER. TELL HIM NOT TO SMOKE WHILE MIXING.
YOUR FRIEND CAN NOW SELL THE STUFF TO THE IRANIANS AT A TERRIFIC MARKUP. IT'S GUNPOWDER AND THEY DON'T WANT TO RUN SHORT. HE CAN ALSO SELL IT TO IRAQ.
SPLIT THE PROFITS WITH YOUR FRIEND, AND YODEL ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK.
ROBERT GROSSMAN
DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year. In France, more than 40 percent of all weapons produced each year are shipped abroad—and in the other NATO countries the figure is roughly the same. Those exports, in turn, help sustain domestic defense programs, which are critical to European independence. As one official at Thomson-CSF admitted, "We can't allow ourselves to support embargoes without jeopardizing the French armaments industry. What if Iraq and Iran suddenly made peace? We would lose Teheran as a customer forever. And that is simply not possible." □

Populist Message

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Biden buttons, carrying Biden banners and humming Biden tunes. "We sang all the way from Council Bluffs," one elderly woman said, and another woman handed me the official Biden song sheet. I scanned "Ev'ry Thing's Coming Up Biden" and "Biden This Time" (the latter taken from the great Gershwin song "Bidin' My Time") but saw that the hit of the sheet would surely be "Io-wa, Io-wa," sung to the tune of "New York, New York," which ingeniously combines a pitch for the candidate with an evocation of state pride:

Start spread-in the news,
Joe's announcing today.
We're gonna be a part of it,
Io-wa, Io-wa.

His leadership style
And warm winning smile
Will step right to the front of it,
Io-wa, Io-wa.

He's gonna wake up in the state
That doesn't sleep,
To find he's king of the hill, top of the heap.

Our little towns here
Are for you today.
They're gonna be a part of it,
In ol' Io-wa.

If he can make it here,
He'll make it anywhere.
It's up to us
Io-wa, Io-wa!

The crowd lined up for registration and drink tickets and jammed into the narrow ballroom, which seemed too constricted for any dance more expansive than a fox trot, even when empty. A local comedian took the stage and delivered topical one-liners, performed magic tricks with audience participation, made birdcalls and did a rather convincing impression of Johnny Mathis singing "Chances Are." A local Dixieland band played "Happy Days Are Here Again" and other Democratic favorites. At length, an array of dignitaries was introduced, ranging from state party functionaries to a delegation of U.S. Congressmen flown in for the occasion. The last warmup act was the candidate's sister, who is the campaign chair. She seemed about to explode with excitement when Himself arrived, that warm winning smile framed around a truly estimable set of choppers. Like top models, the most successful politicians usually have the best teeth. But the imagery was not perfect. Hot lights set up earlier by the television crews brought out beads of sweat on Biden's brow, and the brightness glinted off his transplanted hair plugs. There was an anachronistic and disturbing scent of patchouli over the press section opposite his podium.

Biden introduced his wife, Jill, and his children, all of whom carry prime-time soap opera names: Ashley, Hunter, Bo. I can imagine what they call their dog. The candidate launched into his speech, full of the Kennedyesque cadences, Sorensenian formulations and Schlesingerundives that are supposed to make audiences think of the New Frontier (the good parts). "I don't want America to compete," he said, "I want America to *win*." He spoke of a "new generation" poised on the lip of power, but from the look of the room it was not evident that this generation has the historical self-consciousness or the outsider identity of the post-Eisenhower cohort to which Biden alluded. There were a lot of fresh-faced white kids with no sign of alienation from the good life the Reagan years have provided them. Nevertheless, Biden, who is 44 years old, believes he can corner the youth market—if he can create one.

As he spoke in the hall, four stragglers stood just outside a front doorway, arguing animatedly among themselves. They saw my notepad and took me for an authority figure. "Maybe you can settle something for us," the eldest-looking man said. "Does he come from Kentucky or Tennessee?" I said I thought he was from Delaware. "Doesn't that other one come from Delaware?" the man continued. "They both do," I replied. "It's the place to be from this year." But what kind of Biden supporters could they be, I asked, as politely as possible, if they didn't even know the basic biography of their man?

They all laughed. "Oh, we don't know anything about him," the only woman of the group answered. "We're just here for the night from way down in the southern part of Iowa. We were looking for something to do and there's nothing going on in town, so we wandered in. This seems to be the only entertainment in Des Moines." In the state that doesn't sleep, Biden must have it already made.

Jesse Jackson, a year older than Joe Biden, had come to the same hotel ballroom four days earlier, but the scene couldn't have been more different. Jackson spoke to a local convention of AFSCME (the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees) officers and organizers, and he gave them a detailed populist sermon meant to rouse a coalition of "the displaced and the dispossessed" that has no other obvious haven in the party. Biden had talked about "excellence" and warned that "foreign workers are better educated and work harder" than Americans. Jackson had a different take: "Foreign workers are not better than American workers; they are cheaper workers," he said.

Jackson's was not a speech about the new social compact between business and labor that other Democratic candidates are proposing; it was a demand for "economic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

justice." U.S. corporations, Jackson said, are fleeing these shores and setting up "slave labor" shops in the Third World, from which they export cheap goods back to America in a flood that destroys jobs, lives, communities. As he does in nearly every talk, Jackson exhorted the unionists to make "common ground" with others similarly situated; to forget racial divisions; to accept women, minorities, immigrants and the unemployed as comrades in arms; and to change the distribution of power to their own advantage. "The fight is not at a pizza parlor in New York, not on a lonely road in Georgia," he said in one of several preliminary crescendos before the final, familiar rhetorical arpeggio that has become the hallmark of his style. "The fight is at the shipyard, where they bring in goods made by slave labor. We should turn to each other, not on each other."

Since he came to Iowa on Super Bowl Sunday, six months ago, Jackson has been so warmly received that even his most ardent supporters have trouble believing or understanding the phenomenon. Dixon Terry, a 38-year-old dairy farmer and political organizer, was instrumental in getting Jackson to his own Adair County on that cold January day, and he even supplied the cow Jackson stood beside when the campaign's most memorable news photo was snapped.

"We brought Jackson to Adair to get him interested in family-farm legislation," Terry told me, "but we had no idea he would catch on this way. Eight hundred people on Super Bowl Sunday left their TVs on and came to see him, 300 stayed for the potluck, and Jackson launched a rural strategy after that day. Average folks turned out by the hundreds. Old folks were coming out to see the preacher preach, some were crying; he really touched a nerve."

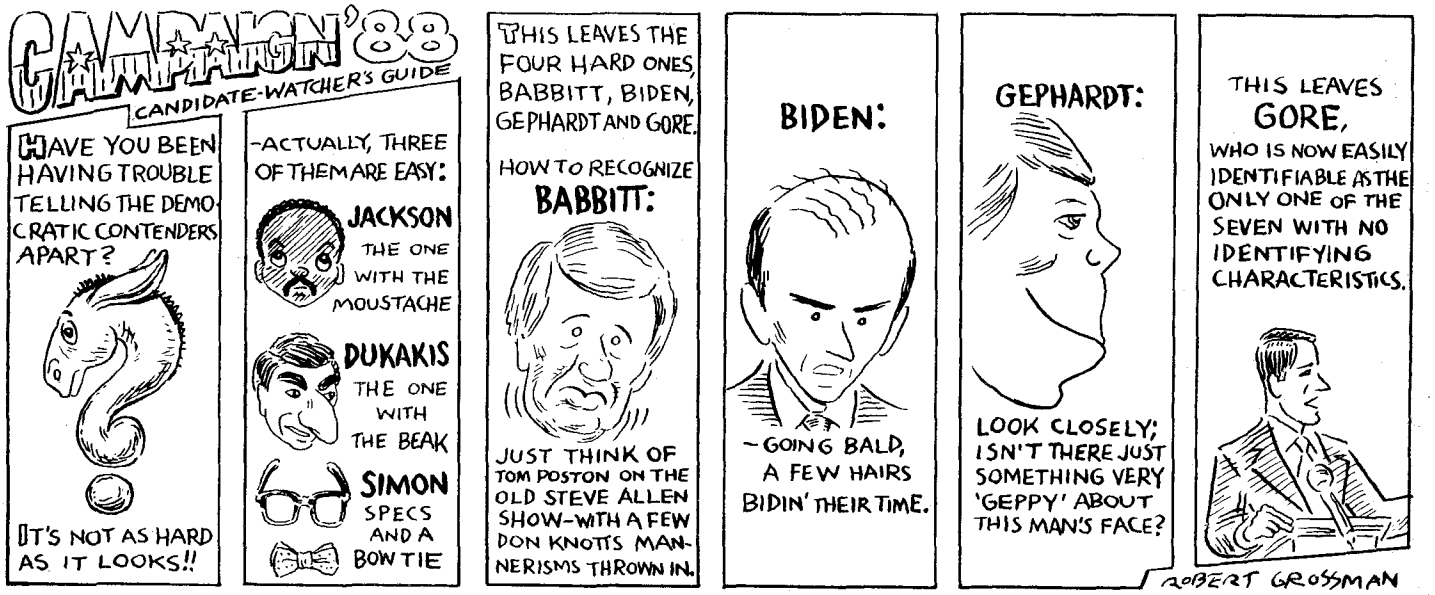
Terry and I sat in the back room of the Iowa Farm Unity Coalition office on the town square in Greenfield, the Adair County seat, where Jackson has set up his statewide headquarters. It is a modern populist's dream setting. The beautiful old courthouse dominates a perfectly symmetrical arrangement of wooden buildings, cut by roads at the corners and compass points like the plan for a Renaissance chapel. Mornings, farmers drive their pickups into town for one thing or another, and at noon people gather at Toad's Place for lunch. The Jackson office is just off the square, and the young woman who runs it is just getting used to the influx of strangers from parts of the country she has never seen, except in the movies.

"America must be changing," Terry said, looking out the back window on the drizzly day. "Jackson came here and met Jay Howe, a local lawyer whose father was a banker and whose grandfather owned the newspaper. Now Jay is Jesse's state co-chair. Jackson's been good for the whole progressive agenda, for the farm fight, for peace groups and Central America issues. He's moved the whole debate here to the left. I don't really know how it happened. Maybe it's [Bill] Cosby," he concluded with a smile and a shake of his head.

Everywhere he goes Jackson gets the crowds and the response, with a speech or merely an appearance, that most candidates will spend millions, perhaps, to buy with television ads and professional staffs. Jackson is currently running second to Representative Richard Gephardt, of neighboring Missouri, in *The Des Moines Register* poll of Democratic voters. It can't be blacks—Jackson's principal constituency in 1984—giving him that standing, as they make up only 1.4 percent of the state's population, and the farm communities where Jackson is doing so well are immutably monochromatic.

What no one knows for sure is whether Jackson's media celebrity accounts for his political popularity. Among Democrats his is the only familiar name and face, now that Gary Hart has retired from the race. Most people think that Paul Simon is the fellow who used to sing with Art Garfunkel, that Babbitt is a book or a town in Minnesota and that Dukakis is where you go next January to register your presidential preference, as in "I'm going down to du caucus to vote."

Actually, Dukakis is worse than unknown in the farm areas. On his first trip here in the spring, he recommended that the feed-corn and bean growers, virtually the entire agricultural sector here, start raising Belgian endive and


CAMPAIGN '88
CANDIDATE-WATCHER'S GUIDE
HAVE YOU BEEN HAVING TROUBLE TELLING THE DEMOCRATIC CONTENDERS APART?
IT'S NOT AS HARD AS IT LOOKS!!
-ACTUALLY, THREE OF THEM ARE EASY:
JACKSON
THE ONE WITH THE MOUSTACHE
DUKAKIS
THE ONE WITH THE BEAK
SIMON
SPECS AND A BOW TIE
THIS LEAVES THE FOUR HARD ONES, BABBITT, BIDEN, GEPHARDT AND GORE.
HOW TO RECOGNIZE BABBITT:
JUST THINK OF TOM POSTON ON THE OLD STEVE ALLEN SHOW-WITH A FEW DON KNOTTS MANNERISMS THROWN IN.
BIDEN:
-GOING BALD, A FEW HAIRS BIDIN' THEIR TIME.
GEPHARDT:
LOOK CLOSELY; ISN'T THERE JUST SOMETHING VERY 'GEPPY' ABOUT THIS MAN'S FACE?
THIS LEAVES GORE,
WHO IS NOW EASILY IDENTIFIABLE AS THE ONLY ONE OF THE SEVEN WITH NO IDENTIFYING CHARACTERISTICS.
ROBERT GROSSMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blueberries, like the trendy truck farmers beyond the Boston suburbs. The idea didn't go over in a big way.

Jackson has different ideas about Iowa farming. The threatened demise of the family farm system cannot be averted by managerial maneuvers or market gimmicks. What is required is a wholesale assault on the political economy of American agriculture. The Reagan Administration has accelerated a process that began decades ago, in which the family farm is being replaced by "megafarms" increasingly owned by absentee management firms and agribusiness corporations. Some companies are building vertical monopolies in the industry with land as the bottom layer of a structure that will include feed-lots for cattle, meatpacking houses, machinery manufacturing plants, grain exporting companies, supermarkets and shopping malls—all in a transnational system.

Like Stalinism in the Soviet Union in the 1930s, Reaganism in America in the 1980s seeks to rationalize agriculture to make it responsive to centralized planning and presumed economies of scale. Here, of course, the centralization is corporate rather than collective, and the economies are meant to benefit the corporate class rather than the collective masses. But many of the methods of forced removal of farmers and the consequences to traditional communities are remarkably similar to those used in the Soviet Union. No kulaks have been shot in Iowa, but tens of thousands of families have been driven from their homes, many after three, four or five generations on the land, and sent to distant towns where they shovel chicken manure in poultry "factories" or fast food in roadside stands. In many cases they migrate to the losing end of the agricultural chain they once helped forge. Unless radical reforms are instituted—a most unlikely prospect, to be sure—half the farms in Iowa will go under in the next ten years.

Seventy miles north of Adair County, in the little town of Churdan, the remaining farm families are watching their community dissolve and their lives change for the worse with no recourse to the established political means of reform. Johnny Maguire (he'd rather I didn't use his real name) took over the family farm when his father retired, and he works several more rented pieces of land for a total of some 1,200 acres—a large spread by local standards, but he sees himself as one of a dying breed.

"I'll be 29 in September," he said, "but there's probably not more than a dozen that's younger than me in the whole area." A quiet, rather reserved man, he swung his arm to indicate the extended region to which he referred. "A lot of the farmers, they're 45 years old and up, so they'll be retired in fifteen, twenty years, and that'll be the end of it. Most of my friends in my class at Iowa State went into jobs where they got $20,000 or more to start, and they didn't want to come back to the land. Oh, this ground will always be farmed, one way or the other, but not by the people who live here. As for me, I'm going to stay a farmer for the rest of my life."

What Jackson calls a "new feudalism" is settling over the rural heartland. Farmers default on their loans; banks and insurance companies (and sometimes government agencies) foreclose; sometimes they burn and bulldoze the lovely old white farmhouses, the barns, the silos and the stands of trees that protected the homeland from the prairie winds. Scorching the earth saves money by lowering property taxes. Families who simply cannot tear themselves from their birthplaces are sometimes allowed to stay on the land by the new management companies or megafarmers, in return for work done. Those new tenants represent the saddest sector of a shift in productive relations that will amount to billions or perhaps trillions of dollars by the end of the century.

Another Churdan farmer, whom I'll call Don Davis, saw his brother-in-law go under last year, and just the other day read in the paper that his best friend from high school had been foreclosed on. "The community is dwindling," he told me one hot evening in his kitchen. He and his father farm a large tract planted in corn and soybeans, the usual mix here, and his house sits in the middle of lovely land, green as far as the eye can see and dotted here and there with old white buildings. Away on the horizon, in a shimmering mirage, a

THE CAUCUS SYSTEM

The Iowa caucuses were not given prominence in the national nominating system until Jimmy Carter discovered the possibilities for early media attention they afford a candidate, and took a major share of delegates in Iowa in 1976. Strictly speaking, the caucuses are not primary elections at all but are more like decentralized nominating conventions, which sometimes take place in rooms so small and with so few people that some nominees are not represented by even a single supporter. Little rural Adair County, where Jesse Jackson has located his state headquarters, will have twenty Democratic precinct caucuses; they will range in attendance from fifty or seventy-five people in a restaurant in the county seat of Greenfield to perhaps five or ten in a farmhouse living room. All told, about 200,000 Iowans vote in roughly 2,500 caucuses, for both major parties; they convene at 7 P.M. on February 8.

When Democratic voters assemble (anyone at least 18 years old by Election Day, November 1988, can attend), they group themselves according to presidential preference. Small knots of people migrate to corners of the rooms. A candidate claiming less than 15 percent of the people in attendance is not considered "viable," and supporters of the other hopefuls set about to reorganize the nonviable blocs into their groups. There is no secret ballot. Issues and campaigns are discussed, and at length bodies are counted. A listing of the viable candidates' relative strength is forwarded to the county conventions, which in turn feed their preferences to the district conventions and to the state conventions, where the Iowa delegations to the national party conventions are chosen. —A.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complex of grain elevators stands between the earth and the sky, like a great ship at the end of the ocean.

"There are twenty-five or thirty empty houses in this town, and you can't sell them," Davis was saying. One friend would let her big home go for $13,000, but she can't find a buyer. The local high school football team won the state championship two years in a row in its class but next year it won't have enough students to field a team; there's talk of going in with a school far away just to get a squad together. "Half the houses you see out there," Davis pointed through the window, "will never be lived in again. I'll tell you," he added softly, "I don't go down to the coffee shop anymore. It's all gloom and doom in there."

On the trail in Iowa, Jackson excites voters more by promising them participation in the power structure—the organizing principle of the old civil rights movement—than by offering them specific programs and policies to cure their complaints. Unlike most other Democrats campaigning in the state, he does not hurl a string of neoliberal proposals from the hustings. His delivery is at once personal and political rather than procedural and managerial. At a district Democratic picnic in a scenic park in Decorah, on bluffs overlooking the Upper Iowa River, Jackson moved the audience with a promise to "go to Central America" and end the war there, as Eisenhower did in Korea. Later that day in a hot town square in Iowa Falls he told a crowd of recently laid-off workers, "We must change the equation. There's no sense of corporate justice, of fairness. We'd better wake up and fight" to stop the "merger maniacs," he added to cheers. The town was reeling from the decision of Farmland Foods to close its pork packing plant and idle one-quarter of the local industrial work force. Efforts by the Mayor and a committee of employers to sweeten the economic terms for the Kansas City–based firm had been unavailing. Fred Grandy—the local Representative who previously won celebrity in the role of Gopher on *Love Boat*—was promoting his efforts to get a small retraining grant for the displaced workers, but surely was not concerned about "corporate justice." Jackson was there to say that only a radical political realignment could achieve some semblance of equity in the economic equation. "We have the money to bail out the American farmer," he said, "but we don't have the priority to do it."

It's not hard to see how Jesse Jackson can make populist politics in a place like this, and the strategy seems to be working, at least in this early stage of the campaign. Farmers who have never seen a black person in their town, let alone in their kitchen, told me they'd vote for Jackson because, as one of them put it, "He's meeting the issues." Dick Butler, a farmer who moonlights as a coach at the school in Churdan, said he wouldn't vote for a Catholic—"the Vatican's got too much power as it is"—and he wouldn't vote for Pat Robertson "if my life depended on it," but he thinks that Jackson "understands the farmer, the blue-collar man, the working man."

"I don't think that the fact that he's black will hurt him here," Butler's wife, Rona, added. "The presidency is so far away. Now, if he was going to marry my daughter, that might be a different story." □

DISSATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

At *The Nation*, we don't expect you to be dissatisfied with our magazine. Just with what it covers:

Public relations games that take priority over disarmament. Affronts to your intelligence by government spokespersons. Assaults on our values and freedoms by the Falwells of the world.

You'll get stirred up by the likes of Alexander Cockburn, Penny Lernoux and Stephen F. Cohen.

Then to agitate you even more, *The Nation* offers writing on the arts of such quality and style that it, too, gives you a lot to think about.

Of course, some people don't mind getting this worked up. If you're one of them, you may want to subscribe by filling out the coupon.

But be forewarned. Our guarantee is different from that of most magazines.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

THE NATION, BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES! I'M READY TO BE DISSATISFIED. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a savings of a full 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please Print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Double my savings. Send me a full year (47 issues) for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

Add: Foreign postage: $4.50/24 issues, $9/one year.
Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D727

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 38*)

understood a central element in the deal that was struck in the Baby M case. Here it is: The man got to decide if the woman was suitable. The woman got to decide if the man was suitable. His basic criteria: She is an adult who can enter the proposed contract. Her genes seem fine. She has children of her own and wants no more. Her basic criteria: He is an adult who can enter the proposed contract. She approves of him to raise a child well, and believes he will live up to his agreement to take on this responsibility, which she doesn't want.

In entering the agreement, Whitehead chose a man of whom she approved to be the lifelong parent to her child. In fact, she assessed the Sterns as a couple, since she knew Elizabeth Stern's name would appear on an adoption contract. They were, we can safely assume she decided, the kind of people with the kind of values she approved of. But William and Dr. Stern, believing Whitehead would not keep a child conceived for him, had no reason to make such a judgment. William Stern did not agree that the supplier of half his baby's genes was a person he would choose to raise his child. Only Whitehead did that.

Pollitt thinks the situation is comparable to one in which a woman changes her mind about putting up her child for adoption. This would appear to be a misunderstanding. The only connection a prospective adoptive parent has to the baby at issue is a contractual one. An adoptive baby's existence is not an outcome of its mother's agreement to collaborate with a man to give him his own child. Moreover, the adoptive baby does not come into being as a direct result of the initiative of a prospective adoptive parent.

Pollitt goes on to make an analogy that rises above inaccuracy and into perversity. She observes that the popular mind is unsympathetic to Whitehead, explaining this as part of a "victim as seducer" mentality, and likening Whitehead's situation to that of the New Bedford, Massachusetts, bar rape victim. I propose that if a rape took place, Whitehead was not its victim. "Everything a woman does to produce her own child, Mary Beth Whitehead did," Pollitt writes. But that's not true. One thing you do to produce a child is to produce it with the sperm of a willing male. If the male is unambiguously not willing to have your "own " child by you, and you present yourself as entirely willing to carry a child of his "own," you have not done "everything a woman does to produce her own child." The male was an unwilling participant in that intercourse.

My sister was violently raped. She would choose to endure that experience again rather than have one of her children raised against her will by a person whose kindness, honesty, intelligence, stability and sensitivity she did not choose for that role. Whitehead never faced that prospect, but it is one she forced on William Stern. The next time Whitehead decides to "do everything a woman does to produce her own child," let her select a willing partner to that enterprise.

In New Bedford, there were people standing on the sidelines cheering on the rapists. One supposes they felt a greater affinity for the rapists than they did for the victim, and that that explains their callousness toward her. Besides, primal passion is sometimes so irresistible.

Elsa Rush

POLLITT REPLIES

Woodside, Calif.

I was moved and, I must say, surprised by the volume of positive mail that came in about my article on Baby M, including many long, thoughtful letters like Anna Durbin's. I hope it means that the pundits and polls are wrong and that the United States will eventually follow the example of Britain, where maternity contracts have been declared contrary to public policy and unenforceable.

On to the critics. I'm sorry that the person who withheld his or her name felt that I gave short shrift to the obstacles faced by would-be adoptive parents, or implied that white middle-class couples had only to give up their prejudices in order to be rewarded with a child. Such was not at all my intent. Clearly, social policies that keep children in limbo—New York City's scandalous foster care system, for instance—are terribly wrong and must be changed. I brought up adoption not to suggest that it was easy but to point out that although contract maternity is presented as a solution for desperate childless couples, it serves a much narrower (and I think more suspect) desire than that for a child to love. No reformation of the adoption system would have helped the Sterns, because they did not want to adopt a child—even a healthy white newborn—and made no attempt to do so. Indeed, one of the curious aspects of the Baby M case is that the Sterns have come to be seen as people who exhausted every possible remedy before turning to contract maternity, when in fact they failed to pursue seriously any other option. It would be interesting to know why, but I don't suppose we ever will.

Except that she is very, very angry, I'm not sure what ideological ax Carol Remes is trying to grind. In any event, her charge that in discussing my own wanted pregnancy I betray "millions of poor women" overburdened with children is absurd. You might as well argue that it is antifeminist to write about heterosexual love when millions of women have husbands who beat them. To acknowledge the one is not to deny the other; and besides, to feel a complicated and unexpected emotional connection to one's unborn child is hardly some rarefied elite experience. It is the most common thing in the world. More to the point, it was Mary Beth Whitehead's experience, and she is the mother with whom my article was concerned.

Remes makes a good point, though, about the need to look more closely at female infertility and ask why it is an issue now. As I have written previously in these pages, college-educated women today are placed in a terrible bind because the career paths they would follow were designed to suit the male life pattern. Both men and women are expected to put tremendous energy into their work in their 20s and 30s—the years of optimal female fertility. Day care, flexible work situations, parental leave and a genuine commitment to domestic equality on the part of men will ease this dilemma somewhat, but not in time to help Elizabeth Stern's generation, or possibly even Baby M's. In the meantime, I think one can feel for Dr. Stern without thinking that her plight gives her the right to take another woman's child. There are some problems for which there is no individual solution that does not merely transfer the pain.

Elsa Rush makes a number of loosely connected arguments in which the central thread seems to be that William Stern signed on for a certain kind of parental experience and under law deserved to get it. That he and Whitehead entered into a legal contract and that contract law is an adequate framework in which to discuss their situation is exactly what I disputed in my article. Here, I will only note that Rush's fondness for the contract model leads her to the remarkable claim that what defines motherhood is the male's willingness to be a father. It doesn't work that way. If it did, a great many of us would not be here today. In any case, I don't see Rush's point, because Stern was hardly an "unwilling participant" in the conception of Baby M. He wanted to father a child by having Whitehead inseminated; he just had his own ideas about what that meant.

In retrospect, I wish I had listened to my husband, who advised me to drop my rape-victim analogy. I meant merely to call attention to the double standard used to judge William Stern and Mary Beth Whitehead, but I can see it was too emotionally laden a comparison by the wild free-associations it evoked from Rush. What possible response can one make to her statement that her sister would rather be raped again than lose custody of a child to someone she believed unfit? (I don't even want to think about what she means by "primal passion is sometimes so irresistible.") In the service of rational discussion, I hereby retract my analogy. The issues raised by contract maternity are already vexed enough.

Katha Pollitt

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE IS THE CONSCIENCE OF THE NATION?

More and more Americans are hungering for the kind of basic human values that can hold together families, communities, and the nation.

Our country, which has become so rich and powerful, now more than ever needs to find its conscience. And needed dissent and new ideas are coming from religious communities around the world.

Despite the media's narrow preoccupation with the Christian Right, there is another story to be told about what's happening in the churches today. A story of faith on the front lines. A story of voices of conscience and courage. And a story of spiritually based commitments to justice and peace.

Sojourners tells that story.

Both an independent Christian monthly and a community of faith, *Sojourners* was born 15 years ago challenging both the war in Vietnam and racism at home.

Eleven years ago, *Sojourners* published the first investigative report describing the plan of the Religious Right to take over American politics.

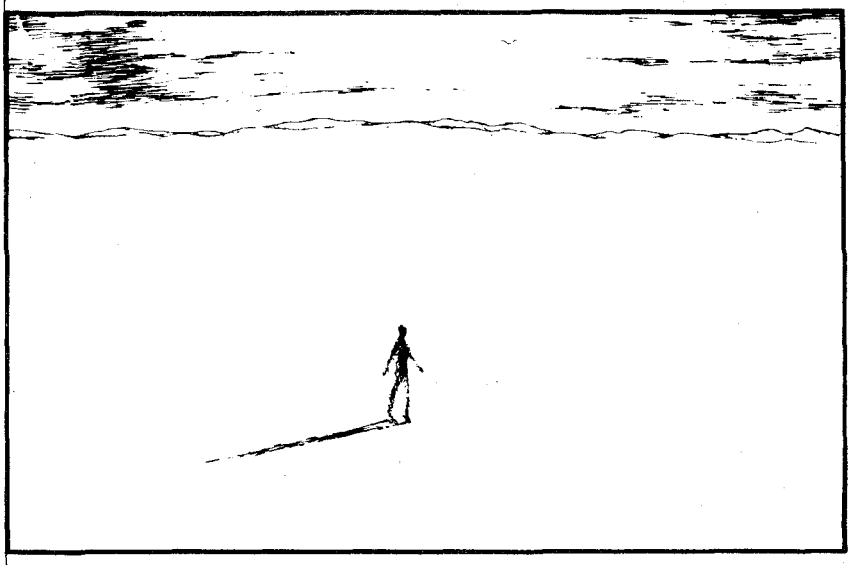
Seven years ago, *Sojourners* helped organize what became the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign.

Four years ago, *Sojourners* helped create Witness For Peace, which continues to be an important peaceful presence in Nicaragua, challenging the Reagan administration's foreign policy there.

Three years ago, *Sojourners* launched the national Pledge of Resistance, which has become the primary direct action arm of citizens nonviolently opposing U.S. militarism in Central America.

Two years ago, *Sojourners* exposed the trail of dollars from conservative U.S. church groups, including Pat Robertson's Christian Broadcasting Network, to the *contras* in Nicaragua.

And today, *Sojourners* is mobilizing religious opposition to the Star Wars scheme and forging bonds of reconciliation and solidarity across Cold War battle lines.



For 15 years, *Sojourners* has been at the forefront, challenging, nurturing, and building what has become a powerful new movement of faith and conscience inside and outside the church today.

Sojourners has been called both radical and conservative, evangelical and Catholic, activist and contemplative, personal and political.

Our contributing editors and writers include Allan Boesak, Penny Lernoux, Garry Wills, Rosemary Ruether, Daniel Berrigan, Richard Barnet, Vincent Harding, Elizabeth McAlister, and *Sojourners* editor Jim Wallis.

We invite you to subscribe and join the community of *Sojourners* readers who together are seeking and helping to form the conscience of the nation. Just return the attached coupon.

Send me two free issues of *Sojourners*.

If I like the magazine, I will pay $15 (29% off the regular subscription price) for a full year—11 issues.

If I am not fully satisfied, I'll write "cancel" on the bill and return it to you, with no further obligation.

Add $4 for each subscription outside the U.S.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

7203

SOJOURNERS: *A Voice For Christian Conscience*

Box 29272, Washington, DC 20017 (202)636-3637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Dare to Struggle...

NICHOLAS XENOS

"DEMOCRACY IS IN THE STREETS": From Port Huron to the Siege of Chicago. *By James Miller. Simon & Schuster. 431 pp. $19.95.*

Nostalgia is an inevitable risk for survivors who try to evoke the experience of the New Left. This is because much of what makes the New Left such a powerful historical memory lay in the actual experience of it—the meetings, demonstrations, teach-ins, collectives and so on—the sheer intensity of the intellectual, physical and emotional commitment it entailed. Even for the many who carry on as community organizers, academics, teachers or carpenters, the present seems so much less exciting that there is always the temptation to slip into a daydream of the sixties.

Fearful of nostalgia, we sometimes try to avoid this memory altogether, often by denial—we write the New Left off as an adolescent outburst, or submerge it in a larger story of progressive awakening in which it plays its momentarily important but ultimately minor part. But this strategy eliminates the possibility that the New Left was unique, that it centered around ideas and styles that were, indeed, new; so the impact of the New Left as personal and historical experience is erased.

James Miller takes the tougher road in *"Democracy Is in the Streets"*—affirming the experience of the New Left and doing it without nostalgia. He accomplishes this by focusing on the lives of the people who founded Students for a Democratic Society and who ratified the Port Huron Statement, and by weaving their stories around the idea that is this book's true subject: participatory democracy. By looking at what happened to those people (and that idea) from the time they came together in Ann Arbor in the early 1960s until they came apart in the violence of Chicago in 1968, Miller sees the burgeoning New Left on its own terms. And since he has constructed his narrative from interviews as well as documents, he allows his subjects to reflect on what they thought and did, without privileging either the experience or the reflection. His approach works wonderfully, giving us the story from a number of perspectives, but with the question of participatory democracy at the center.

Miller's cast includes one star, Tom Hayden, who Miller interviewed several times and who annotated a draft of the manuscript. Hayden earns the central role not because he embodied the rebellious style of the period nor because of his enormous energy, but because he wrote the Port Huron Statement and had a talent for articulating what other people were feeling. He became a leader in a movement suspicious of leaders, and his story after Port Huron is largely about that. But Miller does justice to those who recruited Hayden, never allowing them to slip into supporting roles. Al Haber, Sharon Jeffrey and Bob Ross were joined by Hayden and, somewhat later, by Richard Flacks. This little group at the University of Michigan was the seedbed for the ideas that animated S.D.S., particularly the idea of participatory democracy.

The Port Huron Statement asserts that "we seek the establishment of a democracy of individual participation, governed by two central aims: that the individual share in those social decisions determining the quality and direction of his life; that society be organized to encourage independence in men and provide the media for their common participation." Reading this (and the document as a whole, which is reprinted as an appendix to the book), the most surprising thing about it is likely to be its gender inflection. The conflict between that inflection and the idea of participatory democracy being espoused later resulted in the tension that encouraged the women's movement as an insurgency within the New Left. Indeed, one of the major characteristics of the concept of participatory democracy is that it tends to expand into all sorts of areas, an expansion signaled by the Port Huron reference to "social decisions" and "society." Participatory democracy lends itself to a politicizing of everyday life.

This attribute is a source of strength, but it is also a danger. The strength resides in the ideal of the citizen as an active and effective participant in public discourse and in the demands such an ideal places on the status quo. Such a citizen must be an autonomous agent, but also an equal among equals. Dependencies and inequalities that infringe upon one's capacities as a citizen are fair game for the critical implications of participatory democracy, as is the political apathy characteristic of contemporary representative democracies. The danger resides in the demands such a vision places on the citizens it calls forth: demands of time invested in civic education, discussion and decision making; the imperatives of commitment that threaten to destroy any meaningful separation of political life from the life of family, friends, relaxation and work. Participatory democracy thus requires a sense of appropriate scope and appropriate scale: which decisions and what institutions are suited to the demands of a democracy of individual participation? This sense was missing from the Port Huron Statement.

The inspiration for Hayden's formulation of the concept came from various sources, but two of the most obvious were Columbia University sociologist C. Wright Mills, a self-conscious political pamphleteer and aging academic *enfant terrible*, and Arnold Kaufman, a political theorist at the University of Michigan from whom Hayden borrowed the term "participatory democracy." Mills had effectively counterposed an image of classical democracy to the contemporary political scene, arguing that the simple, face-to-face democracy of the eighteenth century had been transformed into a centralized bureaucratic society with a mass public amenable to manipulation and control. For Mills, the democratic task of the present would be to re-create those smaller publics. As Miller emphasizes, Mills's democratic vision presented the left with an effective symbol; the difficulty was that Mills gave the impression of continuity between the American founding principles and his own, while never confronting the historical evidence directly. Mills's ideal-type approach also allowed him to avoid any argued defense of it. "Instead," Miller observes, "Mills allowed the ideal-type of democracy to function as a subversive exhortation disguised as a nostalgic typology."

Nicholas Xenos teaches political theory at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Port Huron echoes Mills in its spirited attack on apathy and in its language of a "democracy without publics" to describe that condition. Although not noticeably nostalgic, Port Huron does not explore seriously the connection between itself and the American democratic tradition; it seeks neither to ground participatory democracy in earlier manifestations of self-government or political insurgency, nor to distinguish it from the republican, representative framework of the Constitution.

This silence is compounded by another. In an article published in 1960, "Human Nature and Participatory Democracy," Arnold Kaufman had argued that participatory democracy had to be seen as complementary to representative democracy rather than as a substitute for it; that an effectively democratic society would have to combine institutions of both kinds. Through his interviews, Miller establishes that this was what the people assembled at Port Huron understood when they spoke about participatory democracy. This is what Hayden understood, too, but that implicit understanding is nowhere made explicit in the Port Huron Statement.

Miller weighs these silences in the final text of Port Huron, which differed only slightly from Hayden's draft of it, against a set of notes Hayden wrote as he was just getting started on the project. In those notes, Hayden followed Kaufman's formulation "so closely . . . that he concluded by reproducing his own version of Kaufman's argument that participation enhanced representative institutions." Furthermore, Hayden posed numerous questions that seemed crucial to an argument for participatory democracy, questions regarding the estimation of human nature necessary to sustain such an argument, and the consequences for it of mistaken estimations; the complexity of modern society and the suitability of participatory institutions within it; the problem of political leadership in a participatory framework; the place of privacy in a participatory society; and the dangers of hidden manipulation amid "togetherness." While unsure whether these questions were meant to anticipate criticisms or expressed a profound ambivalence on Hayden's part, Miller observes that Hayden made no effort to answer them. This may be attributed in part to the desire of both Hayden and Al Haber, who had asked Hayden to draft the document, to avoid a dogmatic,

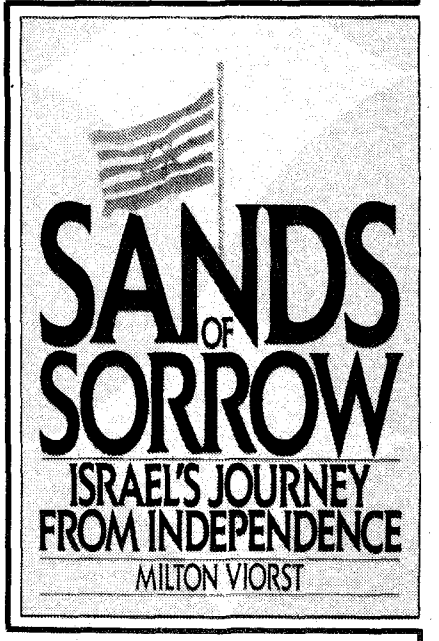
Voices of dissent

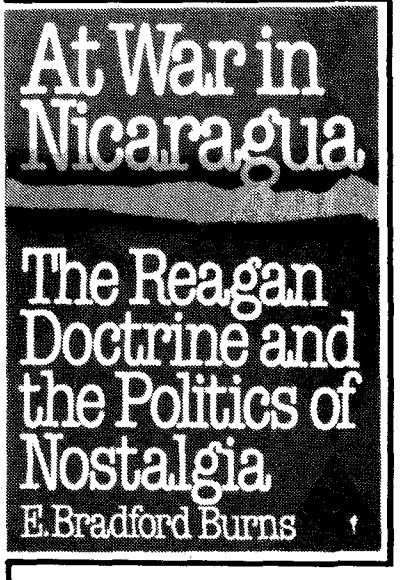
"Miss Toranska is hard-hitting, well informed, quick to pounce on an evasion or an inconsistency.... *'Them'* throws interesting new light on many developments of [Poland's] postwar period."—John Gross, *New York Times*

"The documentary value of the American edition of *'Them'* remains enormous. We have received a unique historical source and, at the same time, a fascinating book."
—Andrzej Walicki, *New York Times Book Review*

"A thoughtful and challenging analysis, by a sensitive observer, of an Israel torn by its dreams, its ideals, its ambitions, and the politics of its American protector."
—Ronald Steel

"Viorst retells the story fluently and well, and his boldest contribution is to emphasize how ...American involvement paralyzes the peace process."
—J. Robert Moskin, *Washington Post*





An author singled out by President Reagan for spreading "disinformation" about Nicaragua describes his position in a thoughtful, well-documented book.

"His main purpose, at which he succeeds brilliantly, is to demonstrate how isolated the U.S. has become in fighting Nicaragua."—Dan Bellm, *San Francisco Chronicle*

$6.95 paperback

Harper & Row

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

closed doctrine—to formulate instead one that did not pretend to answer every question. But the cumulative effect of these unanswered questions was to leave the impression that "the idea of participatory democracy ultimately rested not on a reasoned argument, but rather on a leap of faith."

Once the notion of a democracy of individual participation was shorn of its ambiguities, there were many in the early 1960s who, like Hayden, were ready to make that leap. As students and intellectuals, the people who met at Port Huron, or who responded to the self-styled "living document" that they sent forth, combined an experience of powerlessness with a hope and conviction of changing the world. That hope had several sources: the example of civil rights struggles in the South; the elation felt by groups of people coming together and sharing a dedication to ideals; the romance of an existential commitment. Miller argues that these sources, together with Hayden's own shifting back and forth between reasoned argument and leaps of faith, really lead to two distinct political visions: "the first is of a face-to-face community of friends sharing interests in common; the second is of an experimental collective, embarked on a high-risk effort to test the limits of democracy in modern life." The notion of participatory democracy expressed in Port Huron could be made to symbolize both of these visions.

Miller's distinction is a useful one. It helps us understand the unquestioning enthusiasm of the Port Huron individuals for the idea of participatory democracy—they were such a face-to-face community, however recently constituted. But when that group, with the addition of new faces, went out to organize, they did so primarily as experimental communities, with all the tensions, both within and without, that the term implies. In many ways those experiments in participatory democracy were among the most exalting, and exhausting, experiences of the New Left. Miller captures that experience in his depiction of one of the organizing groups set up by S.D.S. as part of its Economic Research and Action Project, or ERAP, an acronym, as he accurately points out, that "soon became synonymous with direct action—and direct democracy."

Established in the slum areas of nine cities in the summer of 1964, the ERAP groups were attempts to stimulate an interracial movement of the poor. The doctrinal and strategic arguments within S.D.S. over ERAP, which centered on the relationship between students and the larger society, are handled lightly by Miller, whose main interest is in understanding what went on within the groups. Taking the Cleveland collective as an example, Miller uses the testimony of Sharon Jeffrey, Paul Potter and other members of the group, together with the many reports they filed at the time, to show the difficulties they had in working out a solution to the demands made by their conception of participatory democracy. The greatest came from the preference for consensus, a value referred to as the "Quaker norm." The Cleveland group consisted of about twelve people, most of whom lived together and all of whom ate meals together. Virtually every decision they made, from menus to organizing strategies, was subject to the Quaker norm. The result was a succession of endless meetings. Jeffrey recounts to Miller that "we worked *seven days a week*. We had long, long discussions—twelve hours. Eighteen hours. Six or seven weeks into the summer, we had a twenty-four-hour discussion to decide whether we could take off *one* day and go to the beach." Jeffrey recalls that "I never went to a movie. I never went out to dinner. I didn't go to the beach. I didn't do any restful things. I didn't do anything on my own. Everything was with the group." And yet these reflections are framed within a broader appreciation of what she and the Cleveland group were trying to do: "This was my family. I never even thought about what I would do if I wasn't living and organizing in Cleveland with this group of people I loved." But this microcosm of individual participation could not last. The experiment ended as individuals gradually drifted away to get involved in other things or to enjoy some rediscovered privacy.

There was, as it turned out, no time to reflect on these experiences and to flesh out the idea of participatory democracy. Around 1965, at the same time that the ERAP groups were dissolving, S.D.S. was itself beginning to break apart. Here, too, the unresolved problems of participatory democracy were coming to the fore. As S.D.S. expanded, the face-to-face society of Port Huron became a thing of the past. Some new initiates resented the in-groupishness such a society inevitably presented to the outside. Many of the Port Huron veterans were displaced from leadership roles by new members demanding that the national office be run along participatory democratic lines—Miller depicts a national office in shambles as debates raged and office work was forgotten. Meanwhile, particularly after the April 1965 march in Washington, the Vietnam War changed the scale of S.D.S., which was unable to adapt participatory democracy to the organizational necessities of rapid growth.

Miller argues that with time, as a politics of street theater came to dominate the New Left, the experimental communities faded into memory, assuming an aura of authentic experience that overshadowed the difficult questions

---

NEW YORK SONG

On the way to visit a friend
who would soon suddenly die,
I saw a pigeon on a heap of rubble
standing more like a gull,
—others in wild flight
searching the wreckage
of two Times Square theaters
razed to build a hotel.
They were looking for their roof,
their nest, their young,
in the hollows of broken concrete,
in the pink and white dust,
they fluttered around the wrecking ball
that still worked the facade,
the cornice of cement Venetian masks.

A lot of people on this earth
have never sat down at a table
with a plate before them,
a knife, a fork, and a glass.
I'll be no messenger for pigeons.
It means little that I see
the obvious resemblance
between their markings
and the yellow, red and blue dots
that speckle the trout and butterfly,
a connecting phlegm between
eggs, spawn, sperm,
beauty and vanity, Helen
and Clytemnestra born
of a single egg, mortal mother
and a swan, that the roof, a giant bird
of tarpaper fallen, takes its last breaths
on the broken stage.

There are no tragic pigeons.
I mourn my sweet friend
fallen among the young
unable to sustain flight,
part of the terrible flock,
the endless migration,
of the unjustly dead.

Stanley Moss

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they had raised in practice. By opening up that experience for reflection today, he hopes to facilitate a serious discussion of democratic theory (thus linking this book to his previous, more scholarly one, *Rousseau: Dreamer of Democracy*). The questions Tom Hayden posed to the idea of participatory democracy in his notes for the Port Huron Statement, Miller suggests, still need to be addressed. At times, Miller seems to despair of finding adequate answers to them, but his larger theme, that the animating vision of a democracy of individual participation is the unfinished legacy of the New Left, prevails. It is one of the many merits of his book that in returning us to the experience of the early New Leftists, Miller has helped return us to the idea of participatory democracy. □

Free-Market Follies

MICHELE LANDSBERG

RAISING PG KIDS IN AN X-RATED SOCIETY. *By Tipper Gore. Abingdon Press. 219 pp. $12.95. Paper $8.95.*

With a sinking heart I read *Raising PG Kids in an X-rated Society*, the book on "porn rock" by Washington crusader Tipper Gore. Here we go again, I thought. The Great Divide yawns beneath our feet. As a feminist and democratic socialist, I generally try to avoid the issues of pornography and sexual violence, because it's here that any committed feminist must face the aching truth: the male left has abdicated on this issue, the civil libertarians are utterly vapid, the polite anticensorship measures advocated by liberal women like Gore are intellectually feeble and ultimately useless, and only the radical feminists offer a coherent and profound analysis. Gore's *PG Kids* describes a popular culture soaked in images of sex and violence and violent sex, but she never grapples with free enterprise capitalism, the source and wellspring of all she condemns. For their part, the progressive claque—as exemplified by musicians, record companies, *Village Voice* music critics, *Rolling Stone* and the civil libertarian establishment—hurl their epithets ("Housewives," "Witch hunt," "Censorship") but have never for a moment taken seriously the idea that their beloved freedom of expression preys on, exploits and deforms female sexuality and the female body.

Tipper Gore, whose voice in *PG Kids* is liberal and concerned, as befits an M.A. in psychology and a mother of four, carefully avoids calling this "sexism" or "male domination." Her point of departure is parental alarm: her personal moment of truth dawned the day she brought home a Prince record for her 11-year-old daughter and together they heard the lyrics about a girl masturbating in a hotel lobby. From records, videos and print interviews with rock stars, Gore amassed a small mountain of examples: "Sick of chicks—they're all bitches" (Accept); "We were fucking her with this wine bottle" (Mötley Crüe); "Fuck Like a Beast" (W.A.S.P., whose lead singer is pictured on the record jacket with a circular-saw codpiece); "Plunge the dagger in her breast" (Venom); "Little girls wanna be fucked!" (Frankie Goes to Hollywood).

Gore is also upset by rock advocacy of Satanism, alcohol, drugs and suicide, but she never calls for censorship. Instead, she opts for "more information, not less"—that is, warning stickers on record albums, industry ratings and printed lyrics so that parents know what their children are hearing. It is easy to mock her earnest exhortations to parents. She wants them to "network" with other parents to learn about, and boycott, violent concerts; she wants them to "communicate" more with their children.

But if these individualistic solutions sound sappy, it's not because their goal is mistaken—what sensitive parent, after all, has not felt a similar angry despair at the destructive ugliness and stupidity of so much of popular culture? Gore's weakness is not that she is a front woman for the hysterical religious right, as her critics claim, but that she is a spokeswoman for consumer capitalism, exercising her Naderesque right to expose corrupt products and to pressure the manufacturers to shape up. She seems not to notice that the male-defined sexuality that degrades women is built into the free market, which is merely fulfilling the laws of supply and demand. What the lucrative youth market demands is, in the words of my son, a sentient rock and roll fan, "rage, fear, hate and violence against females." He has a point. "White rap, black rap and easy-listening music is just as filled with hostile stereotypes of women," he says. "That's what men want, that's what they talk about when they have a drink . . . whether they like golf or heavy metal."

Music is not markedly different from any other aspect of commercial culture. Gore, who zeroed in on heavy metal music as offering the most spectacularly gross examples, could just as easily have singled out Hollywood porn, TV porn, advertising porn, Pentagon porn, Rambo porn, cartoon porn or art porn. You don't have to listen to Judas Priest to get your fill of male domination and bloody-minded violence: just flip through the movie ads, or glance in the windows of chic boutiques.

Pornographic images are invisible as such because they are everywhere. No one in this culture, for example, has ever seen so innocent an entertainment as a magic show—where servile women in spangled bikinis help conjurers pretend to carve up female bodies—without passively accepting an aesthetic that is basically pornographic. The other day I walked into a room full of teen-age girls who were giggling—uneasily—at an episode of the popular detective sitcom *Moonlighting*, in which the two lead actors were playing out a sophomoric parody of *The Taming of the Shrew*. The female lead was shown trussed like a hog, bound hand and foot and gagged. The script called for her to be dragged to the altar to be force-wed to her co-star, who makes her wait helplessly (grunting her protest through her gag) for three hours. When the co-star swaggers into the church, he laughingly tells her "Bondage becomes thee!" while the "congregation," including middle-aged women, jumps into the aisles to rock and roll and sing about "love." At my expression of distaste, the teen-agers broke into a chorus: "C'mon, it's only a joke!" When girls grow up surrounded by images of female bondage, and are taught by the media to accept the pain and degradation as "only a joke," the harm to their inner life seems obvious.

The problem is that no parent, however alert, communicative and empathetic, can entirely shield her children from all this. And no amount of labeling or information can give parents the

Michele Landsberg is a Canadian author and a columnist for The Globe & Mail.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up, and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Stephen F. Cohen, Alexander Cockburn and Penny Lernoux.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $15 for the first gift and $12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO (Please Print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

GIFT FROM (Your Name)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Enclosed is $_____for____subscription(s). (Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)
☐ Bill me later.
Add: Foreign postage: $4.50/24 issues; $9/one year. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

LD727

power to prevent their youngsters from wanting the tainted products. Liberalism, with its false comfort of private solutions to public problems, avoids confronting the economic structure. Capitalism is phallocratic: men, precisely because of their gender, enjoy surplus privilege from birth. Men not only earn more money solely because of their gender, they are entitled to run the economy in the phallic mode: competitive, aggressive, winner take all. That women like Margaret Thatcher adopt this mode when they get a chance to rule is not surprising; there has never been a culture that didn't denigrate femaleness. Try to picture a civilization in which women have held power, or shared it equally, for thousands of years: you can't even imagine how women in such a society would look, act, dress or speak. As Catharine MacKinnon argues in her fiercely lucid new book, *Feminism Unmodified*, the female gender today is the construct of man; to disentangle our youngsters from society's built-in misogyny is beyond our power unless the economic, political and legal systems are profoundly reshaped.

On the other hand, the opposition to Gore's crusade highlights the debility of liberal thought. At best, pornography's defenders appear in the guise of self-styled progressives like Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz, snickering companionably with pimps and pornographers at the hearings of the Meese commission on pornography. Dershowitz, like many others, based his arguments on the lack of practical "proof" that pornography can be harmful. How many rapes, he demanded, were caused directly by porn? It's not a serious question. No answer, no proof, no controlled study, is ever good enough for the free-speech proponents. When answers are given, they scornfully dismiss them. As both Andrea Dworkin and MacKinnon have pointed out, many progressives defend the brutal pimp who beat and terrorized Linda Marchiano into performing in *Deep Throat*; they simply ignore or willfully disbelieve Marchiano's own story. The likes of Guccione, Hefner and Flynt are hotly defended in the liberal media. When Tipper Gore protests their sickening products, she is attacked as a McCarthyite and "a power-crazy housewife" by *The Village Voice* and is denounced as a "dangerous extremist."

"Dissent is healthy," wrote the San Francisco No More Censorship Defense Fund in a lengthy broadsheet defending porn rock. But not, apparently, the dissent of women who protest pornography. Sometimes, porn defenders self-righteously claim that heavy metal's rape-and-torture obsession is a working-class underdog rebelliousness against class injustice. It's hard to tell how they would differentiate this supposedly praiseworthy protest from the working-class bigotry of the Klan: in both cases the underclass expresses resentment and impotence by violent degradation of the Other. Only when the Other is female is the contempt and rage described so tolerantly by left-wingers as "healthy dissent."

The progressives also wax indignant that antipornography activists, even when they expressly reject censorship, are in league with the fundamentalist far right. They themselves, however, don't mind being in league with the capitalists of the $4.4 billion-a-year music industry. (In his book *Dark Victory: Ronald Reagan, MCA and the Mob*, Dan E. Moldea shows how the music and entertainment industry is inextricably connected with organized crime and the right-wing founders of the Hollywood blacklist.)

Since the heady 1960s, when rebellious young men sensed that the cultural as well as political barricades could be breached, civil libertarians have defended pornography as "free expression" which could be curbed only at the peril of basic political freedoms. Sexiness was radical; the more radical you were, the more you defended the excesses of pornographers. But just how bad are these bad boys of the left? Their passion on behalf of pornographers' freedom of speech has put them squarely in the mainstream. The extent of the co-optation is revealed in a leaked 1986 letter from Gray and Company, a Washington public relations firm, to the Council for Periodical Distributors Associations, which proposed an $800,000-a-year propaganda campaign to protect pornographers' First Amendment rights. The campaign would seek to "discredit the organizations and individuals who have begun to seriously disrupt the legitimate business activities of publishers" by enlisting "academicians, civil libertarians, religious leaders, civic and community leaders, politicians . . . authors and editors, columnists, commentators and entertainers."

No doubt the P.R. man was only proposing to be paid for what was already a *fait accompli*. The discrediting of anti-pornographers is a reflex twitch among

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all these groups. Sometimes it seems as though no avant-garde book or music reviewer, for example, can launch into an article without a gratuitous swipe at Andrea Dworkin. Since she is labeled an antimale radical (and therefore not sufficiently "impartial"—like heterosexual men, for instance—to be taken seriously) she has become a handy means of dismissing all who protest pornography.

The publication of Tipper Gore's well-meaning but essentially tepid book will undoubtedly provoke a new round of feminist-bashing, though she's no feminist. Once again, the progressives will refuse to take seriously the question of why pornographers must have more freedom of expression than women. Once again, left-wing men will refuse to ask themselves why they need pornography. Most of all, they will fail to examine the kind of "radicalism" which finds itself in bland agreement with cowboys, rifle-toters and music tycoons.

Since the 1960s, feminists have been dismayed and alienated by the left's refusal to take account of women's dissent from the patriarchy. Unwilling to address the issues of male supremacy, the left sacrificed all the dynamism of the rising feminist movement, from which it could have gained new strength. Because pornography goes to the heart of male domination, it is here in the pornography debate that we can glimpse the void created by this failure. No, there is no middle ground, no "practical" approach that would curb the $8 billion-a-year pornography industry yet leave liberals and leftists undisturbed. There was such a proposal: the most radical feminists demanded not censorship but that victims of pornography should have a right to legal redress. This idea has been shot down in the courts.

The burden of responsibility for finding a new solution should, it seems to me, be taken up at least partly by those men who say they reject capitalism and male domination. How can they call themselves radicals (or even democrats) if they cling to a culture based on male supremacy? What are they willing to do about the female claim that women are being harmed? So far, the male left has not tackled those questions. In their fervent embrace of the quintessential capitalism (the marketing of female sexuality), male liberals, radicals and civil libertarians have fallen into sillier and sillier postures of blustering excess and political irrelevance. □

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $135.

☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $120.

(CT residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name, address, and check or money order, or charge to any major credit card by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

130 courses in 46 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 15th year.

Audio-Forum
Room K 770
On-The-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

AUDIO-FORUM®

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, OH 43305

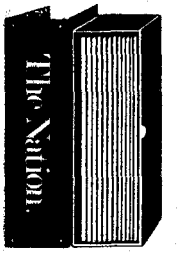
Please allow 4–6 weeks for processing.

QUESTIONS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the above address or call:

(614) 383-3141

8:00 am to 4:30 pm EST



SAVE THE NATION

Organize and protect your back copies in Nation cases or binders, covered in red leatherette with a gold Nation logo. 1 case or 1 binder holds 6 months (1 volume) of The Nation.

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95.
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95.

Mail to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. N, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134

I would like ____ cases; ____ binders

Enclosed is my check for $_____. Add $1 per unit postage/handling. Outside U.S. $2.50 per unit.

Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15. To charge call toll free 1-800-972-5858.

Name _____

Address _____
(NO P.O. BOXES PLEASE)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment in U.S. funds. PA residents add 6% sales tax.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fascist Fantasies

MICHAEL ROGIN

MALE FANTASIES: Volume 1: Women, Floods, Bodies, History. *By Klaus Theweleit. University of Minnesota Press. 517 pp. $25. Paper $14.95.*

Almost a decade ago, the German scholar Klaus Theweleit published a two-volume work locating the origins of Nazism in an exterminatory hatred of women. The first volume, *Male Fantasies*, is now available in English; volume two will follow shortly. Theweleit's project may strike the academic historian as a flight of fancy, produced by the convergence of 1960s German New Leftism with the early women's liberation movement. *Male Fantasies* is disturbing, however, for its entrance into, not its flight from, history. Theweleit's book forces us to look at horrifying material from which we want to avert our eyes. Consider the following images and quotations:

Clothed in an army uniform, her naked breasts and pubis exposed, the booted woman holds her bayonet erect. She stands above a trench filled with fleeing soldiers, who have abandoned their guns in terror.

. . .

"Women pounce on him, spitting, scratching, biting. . . . Women, shrieking, twist his arm-of-a-thousand-pains from its socket."

. . .

"Then the girl pulled a pistol from under her apron, stepped up to the edge of the cliff, and held the pistol to his stomach . . . deep in his abdomen, he felt as if he were being sliced with knives."

. . .

"It's a well-known fact that women are always at the head of these kinds of riots. And . . . the whole world starts screaming about bloodthirsty soldiers shooting down innocent women and children. . . . Shoot off a few flares under the women's skirts, then watch how they start running. It won't really do much. The magnesium in the flares will singe their calves and behinds, and the blast flame may burn a few of the skirts."

. . .

"The spitting woman, an image of the Megaera, stands before the barrel of his gun—his sight is pointing straight into her mouth, into the center of that slobbering hole. . . . 'Fire!' roars Truchs. . . . Is that thing at his feet really her? That person without a face? The head isn't really a head any more, just a monstrous bloody throat."

. . .

"A wave of excrement rolled across a Rhineland paralyzed with fear, stifling . . . its final cries for help . . . and when it paused and bubbled up, it was red with the blood of brothers."

. . .

"With their screams and filthy giggling, vulgar women excite men's urges. Let our revulsion flow into a single river of destruction. A destruction which will be incomplete if it does not also trample their hearts and souls."

. . .

"In seven columns, they poured into the spaces between the formations. You couldn't see the people, couldn't recognize the standard-bearers. All you saw was a broad, red, surging stream."

. . .

A column of uniformed soldiers, holding swastika standards aloft, marches forward. Tramping out of the picture in front, appearing beyond the camera behind, it fills the entire frame.

The first image is from a Central European drawing, one of the many illustrations in *Male Fantasies*, produced during the battles between revolution and reaction in the aftermath of World War I and the Bolshevik Revolution. All the quotations but the last are from memoirs, "documentary" novels, letters and propaganda of Freikorps soldiers (mostly officers) who, first used by the new German republic against revolutionaries and then marauding on their own, formed the original core of the Nazi movement. The final picture shows Hitler's triumph, Nuremberg, 1933; the final quotation describes another National Socialist rally. In its progress from fantasy to history, Nazism marched over the real and imaginary, murdered and mutilated bodies of women.

These voices, says Theweleit, explode the theories by which rational men have at once accounted for fascism and protected themselves from what it means. Marxist and liberal theories fail to see that the Nazi imagination was obsessed by Red women. Sexual politics may suggest the use of Freud, which is where Theweleit says his own work began. But fascism enacts no Oedipal drama, in which sons kill fathers to possess mothers. Fathers are failed and absent in these documents, leaving the field to the sons. Mothers are noble, distant and suffering, and far from wanting to possess the available women, these sons obliterate them. Contrary to Freud, the desire to destroy is no unconscious, repressed wish; it is enacted by the Freikorps soldiers and invoked on page after page.

The sight of the bloody female hole, Freud thought, was terrifying evidence of castration: if women lacked penises, men could lose them too. In Freikorps fantasy, women have acquired the phallic weapon, and these men, says Theweleit, are terrified not of "the vagina's castrated condition, but of its castrating potential." When Horst Warttemberg sees "the head of the Gorgon, Medusa," in revolutionary Berlin, when "Zöberlein sees his 'Katja' with a 'bloody tiger's mouth,'" it is because the women are castrating, not castrated. Fear of castration, moreover, Theweleit rightly says, is insufficient to explain the fascist hatred of the female body. These men fear violent engulfment, annihilation and dissolution from erotic contact with women. They make their whole bodies stiff against the red flood of blood and excrement they see outside themselves but feel inside themselves, the bloody flood that will sweep them away. In violence against women, fascists assault that source of disintegrative power. At the same time, the fascist man gives in to his desire to join the flood, briefly and ecstatically, and yet to emerge intact. She ends as a bloody mass; he recovers his erect bearing. Triumphant Nazi military columns thus participate in the flood of desire by freezing it. They turn the soldiers into parts not of the female body but of the "transcendental phallus." This psychology, says Theweleit, has nothing to do with Oedipal desire. It speaks to infantile terrors of and longings for annihilation, the collapse of the separating self into the maternal body. *Male Fantasies* exposes a "basic fault" in the early "dualistic union" of mother and child.

Theweleit is suspicious of what he calls theory, but a theory is born from the material at which he makes us look. To explain the exterminatory rage against female sexual power, *Male Fantasies* offers a theory about the symbiotic bond between mother and infant, about the difficulties of separation, about the

Michael Rogin is a professor of political science at the University of California, Berkeley. His book Ronald Reagan, the Movie: and Other Episodes in Political Demonology *was recently published by the University of California Press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

basic mistrust that what is offered as maternal nourishment is really poisonous and invasive. It is a theory derived from Margaret Mahler and Michael Balint, and their foremother, Melanie Klein.

The terrible information Theweleit presents almost mandates the use of Klein's theory to uncover the psychic roots of violence against women. But why should these men have been possessed by these fantasies at this historical moment? The Freikorps' assault on demonized Red women was a response to the real presence of female revolutionaries in postwar German political uprisings. These women obliterated the Freikorps' political defenses as well as their psychological ones, and the convincing connections Theweleit draws between history and fantasy give the first half of the book its power. Theweleit combines sexual and class explanations for fascism: the middle-class origins of his fascists separate them from the proletarian women they hate. Like liberal historians, Theweleit sees the breakdown of authority as a cause of Nazism. But because his fascists identify upward, the sexual/class politics depicted in *Male Fantasies* undercuts theories that consider fascism a mass movement of the right equivalent to mass movements of the left.

As Theweleit turns from depicting fascist rage to accounting for it historically, however, he moves further and further from his antitheoretical starting point. To get from personal history to European history, from the infantile sources of fascism to its historical origins, the author of *Male Fantasies* believes he must account for the constriction of free-floating, productive human desire to a single, maternal object; the historical emergence of an opposition between the armored man and the flowing female; the way in which the female body, reduced to breasts and vagina, became the source of all longing for men; the resulting disappointment in and vengeance against women; and the breakdown of the male defensive structure.

Theweleit's Promethean tour through the history of the European body contains compelling passages. But it lacks, by its nature, the concentrated power of the first part and of the conclusion of the book, where the author focuses on fascist texts. Theweleit does not restrict himself to fascist fantasies, because he does not want to attack the easy Nazi target and let the rest of us off the hook. But that justifiable impulse leads him not only to see Nazism as the climax of European history, but also to embrace the distorted mirror images of Nazi values. Instead of seeing the targets of fascism as fantasies, filtered through the Nazi grid, Theweleit simply advocates what fascism abhors. If Nazis are for cleanliness, he is for dirt; if they're for a monogamy in which the woman is idealized and unnamed, if they've been driven mad by a glorified genital sexuality, he's for the indiscriminate exchange of sexual partners and intermingling of body parts. Theweleit lets his material dictate a horrifyingly simplistic world view, and then inverts it.

Theweleit's decision to leave behind the immediate historic origins of Nazism has one more troubling consequence: Jews are almost entirely absent from his book. Although there are occasional references to Jews in the text, they are awarded no category in the index. Two racist cartoons show sexually monstrous blacks; none of those chosen as illustrations depicts Jews. Perhaps Jews are absent because, as Richard F. Hamilton argued recently in his book *Who Voted for Hitler?*, they were sometimes unimportant to Nazi voters: genocide was the result of Nazism but anti-Semitism played only a minor role in Hitler's triumph. However, even Hamilton found anti-Semitism among right-wing university students, many of whom joined the Freikorps. Are Jews truly absent from the sources for *Male Fantasies*? Or is it that the Final Solution eliminated the "Jewish problem" in contemporary Germany, so that Theweleit's attention has been drawn to the problem of misogyny that remains?

The Nazis ultimately slaughtered Jews, not women (or rather, when they exterminated women it was as members of despised racial groups—Jews, Poles, gypsies). How did the threatening and mutilated women with which Nazism began turn into the Jews of the Final Solution? Women, indispensable to men except in fantasy, could not be exterminated. Perhaps Jews (half of whom were women, and the other half of whom in fantasy menaced women) were a convenient substitute. *Male Fantasies* exposes the atrocities carried out by Red women in Freikorps fantasy and by Freikorpsmen in real, ecstatic revenge. It stops short of connecting that slaughter to Nazi genocide.

The step from Freikorps fantasies to Nazi politics is a small one. What about the step from Theweleit's *Male Fantasies* to ours? In her splendid introduction to the book, Barbara Ehrenreich not only offers a compelling account of the psychology behind the Freikorpsmen's texts, but also opens up the question of the meaning of that psychology for our own period. The conjunction of support for state terrorism and the idea of winnable nuclear war on the one hand, with hostility to emancipated women as the sources of social breakdown on the other, connects Theweleit's explorations to the male fantasies underlying American *Realpolitik*. Historic circumstances and psyches surely differ. Nonetheless, Theweleit's terrifying picture of the Freikorps does not absolve us by damning them. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Henry Threadgill

"Music is like a child," says Henry Threadgill. His 9-year-old daughter watches TV and sometimes toots her recorder in the next room, while we sit amid a collection of instruments that range from a baby grand piano through an army of reeds to a harp. "The way a child comes into the world, a mother's and a father's genes, which they have inherited from all the generations before them, are all put back together again to create something new. So the child has got all the genes of its ancestors, but it's also got genes none of them ever had."

So it's natural enough that in the music Threadgill writes for, and performs with, his trio, Air, his Sextett (formerly Sextet), his WindString Ensemble, his orchestra and his dance band, as well as the film and radio and dance projects he's scored, you'll catch echoes of the strangest things caroming off one another. Whether in his dense, swinging compositions or in his virtuosic excursions on reeds and flute, those meetings—between Stravinsky and King Curtis, B-movie soundtracks and Muddy Waters, Bach and Ornette Coleman—help create a unique and powerful voice.

That voice filters elements of the music Threadgill heard when he was a child in the Chicago ghetto through his contemporary concerns and vocabu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lary. "Music used to be put out in a more democratic way, before radio got commercially institutionalized," he says. "It was more or less a hodgepodge of everything. I remember hearing programs for Mexicans, Polish shows, Serbian, country and western, black gospel groups, rhythm and blues, jazz, classical music—plus regular programming like theater pieces and detective shows, outer space shows. Television was freer like that in the beginning too: the Kate Smith show, Ted Mack's Amateur Hour, General Electric Theater with Noel Coward plays, Nat King Cole's show—there was some of everything. In a way they didn't know what they were doing, because it was uncontrolled—which is the way it really should be. The minute the controls come in, so many people and so much talent get cut out because of the so-called taste of one group who think they're doing the public a service. I *know* they're doing their pockets a service. If you're only selling Coca-Cola and you're taking up all the space in the store and all the ads in the Sunday *Times*, the other people who aren't putting things out on that level get swamped."

Henry Threadgill has no intention of being swamped. In fact, drawing on his diverse training, cutting-edge musicianship and fertile imagination, he's trying to launch a small tidal wave of his own. There's the latest album from the swashbuckling Air, which combines snatches of children's game songs with shards of Cole Porter, free-jazz-style blowing with political overtones. There's the new disc from his seven-person Sextett, which moves from Ellingtonian section writing to r&b brawls to lilting calypso. There was the nuanced set by his Wind-String Ensemble (an unusual lineup of cello, violin, viola, tuba and himself on reeds), which opened the World Music Institute's Improvisations! series in June. There are the plans for an ambitious orchestral work to be premiered at this fall's Brooklyn Academy of Music Next Wave. There are his performances on the new album (*Rhythm Killers*) by reggae maestros Sly and Robbie. All told, it looks as though the 43-year-old reedmaster may succeed in his attempt to overflow the opportunistic categories that carve up music.

Threadgill has spent his life making sounds that render those categories superfluous. Trained on piano as a child in a house filled with music ("My aunt was studying to be an opera singer"), Threadgill was initially drawn to the bass, but abandoned it for the sax after hearing Charlie Parker records. Concerts at his high school exposed him to players like Stan Getz and Sonny Rollins, and he doubled on tenor and baritone in the school band. Soon he'd added alto sax, clarinet and flute to his arsenal of instruments. And when he wasn't playing in school, he was working out in local r&b bands, mastering the swooping, throaty wail that resonates in his music.

A stint in the Army was followed by study in a series of college music programs, where he pursued his craft from unexpected perspectives like composition and voice training, classical piano and clarinet. "I knew what I didn't know," he says, "how much I couldn't take apart theoretically. I wasn't in those programs to get [a] degree; I was there just to take everything they had." His outside schooling continued too, in gigs with V.F.W. bands, marching bands, polka bands, light-classical orchestras, Dixieland combos and blues bands.

The earthiness of the blues remains at the core of his writing and playing. "The blues as I understand the blues is different from what a lot of jazz players play as the blues. Chicago is a blues town, with people like Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf, the blues that come up from the South. I don't mean these twelve-bar blues that Charlie Parker and them were playing a lot of different progressions on. I'm talking about country blues, which might happen in any amount of bars, even or uneven. And spiritual gospel music too: it's that emotional thing where you get inside the note and *work* it." You can hear what he means on "Do Tell" (Air, *80° Below '82*), where he digs the trio into a Cannonball Adderley-style gospel vamp; or "Black Blues" (Sextett, *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket*), which kicks off like a boozy Salvation Army band and lurches into gutbucket squalling; or "Bermuda Blues" (Sextett, *You Know the Number*), where he formulates a melody that seems so familiar it's scary. "It's like enticing you into the spookhouse with a piece of candy," he grins.

Just as the country blues players wrote of their times and places, the floods and droughts and insect plagues and broken hearts, so Threadgill sees his music as a reflection of social reality. Thus bebop, with its virtuosic displays, didn't grab him: "That music was not the music for me to express what was happening at that time, in the late fifties and early sixties. That was over for me, it was a whole new world in the United States culturally for everybody. What Charlie Parker and them were playing about in the forties after the war, after these black soldiers had come back from traveling all over the world and getting another realization of themselves and started making contacts again with the people of this country, and everybody's head opened up on a different basis—well, they expressed all of that for that period, and it took 'em all the way over to the fifties, when the McCarthy era started to shut America back down. When the sixties erupted it was a whole new day again, and the music moved too. 'Trane had moved his music to an emotional spiritual plane, and had come off the plane of playing progressions that everybody was comfortable with. Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Mingus—the whole scene had changed, and emotionally I could feel it. So bebop couldn't service me: it didn't have anything to do with people standing up for their rights, it didn't have anything to do with the Vietnam War, didn't have anything to do with the Gray Panthers, the Black Panthers. The language had opened up and expanded."

Not surprisingly, Threadgill has no patience for nostalgia mongers. "All this revivalism that we're experiencing, I'm really against. It's funny to see a lot

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

With the Sextett

You Know the Number (RCA/Novus)
Subject to Change (About Time)
Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket (About Time)
When Was That? (About Time)

With Air

Air Show No. 1 (Black Saint)
New Air (Black Saint)
80° Below '82 (Antilles)
Live Air (Black Saint)
Air Raid (India Navigation)
Air Song (India Navigation)

With Muhal Richard Abrams

Young at Heart/Wise in Time (Delmark)

With Sly and Robbie

Rhythm Killers (Island)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of musicians involved with music that's older than they are—that's rare in the history of jazz, where they're playing stuff that isn't relevant today. It's actually musical fascism, all this neo-this and neo-that. These young traditionalists that make a whole lot of talk about understanding tradition—forget that. The tradition only becomes a background of ingredients. Whatever element you want to bring into your music, you've got to understand ontologically and then synthesize it in musically. Just in itself, it's nothing; if you can't make something out of it, the world can do without it."

Nor does he have patience for empty musical posturing. "A lot of young musicians get a lot of credit for being musical athletes, contortionists, like it's hip to be a virtuoso. Ain't nothing hip about that. Music has to do with expression, how to play *now* musically. There are no rules about how to do that, no laws: anything goes, so long as it works. Music is organized sound, that's all, and it's got nothing to do with purism. You can't create music for your time by speaking an archaic language that makes reference to other sociological and spiritual and emotional values in the society—the whole thing is connected symbolically in the tones."

Threadgill developed those complementary ideas—that the language of music must reflect its environment, that musicianship is the means of expressing that relationship and that any sound could be a part of that language—during his participation in the Chicago-based Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. A nonprofit group that sponsored performances and recording sessions for its members, the A.A.C.M. grew out of the Experimental Band led by pianist Muhal Richard Abrams, a large free-jazz ensemble in which Threadgill played during the early 1960s. Its ranks included such musical daredevils as Lester Bowie, Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell of the Art Ensemble, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, Leroy Jenkins, Anthony Braxton and Steve McCall—a *Who's Who* of younger jazz players. What they shared was a sense of musical change. Notes per se became less important than the effects that could be conjured up through instrumental sounds—any sounds, from bleeps and blatts and burps to childlike whimpering and sobbing sighs and whinnying overblown shrieks. Coming in the wake of experiments by Coltrane and Ornette, Eric Dolphy and Albert Ayler, the A.A.C.M. enriched jazz's vocabulary and nurtured some great talents.

But like David Murray, in whose original Octet he played, Threadgill is not only an explorer but also an heir to the approach favored by great jazz composers and arrangers like Duke Ellington and Charlie Mingus. "I always have particular players in mind when I'm writing music. It's like a basketball team, where the guard has particular strengths, and so the defense is keyed around him. I think that's very important, and that all good ensembles use that." How much of the music is written and how much improvised varies from group to group, and piece to piece. He has only one general rule: "My music is not complete until the musicians are finished with it. Until I hear everything that happens in rehearsal, anything is subject to change."

One musical constant, especially in the case of the Sextett and Air, is the way Threadgill draws on his free-jazz background to obliterate the division between soloist and accompanist. Take most of the *Air Song* album, where he deliberately feeds foregrounded lines to nimble bassist Fred Hopkins. Or "Apricots on Their Wings" (*Air Show No. 1*), where he uses the supple voice of Cassandra Wilson as another instrumental line while playfully deconstructing the classic Ella Fitzgerald renditions of Cole Porter songs. "Democracy is part of this country, and it's gotten into the arts. I use that, highlight all the instruments at different points; why have all these instruments if only one of them is important?"

In the case of the Sextett, that musical democracy swells the group's sound beyond its numbers, as *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket* demonstrates. Listen to the way the title track and "Higher Places" revamp big-band notions of how to treat ballads. Ponder the murky, *noir* atmosphere that periodically bursts into Stravinskyish rituals on "Cover," or how "Cremation" explodes from its dirgelike string opening to the sound of a cello twittering like a spook over madly riffing horns. The Sextett combines the improvisational talents of members like cornetist Olu Dara, who can mix Louis Armstrong and Lester Bowie with ease, and those of trombonist Craig Harris, who boasts a full range of smears and whinnies and yelps as well as amazing agility. "It's such a good palette to write with," Threadgill says. "The

EVENTS.

World Fellowship Center

A WEEKEND WITH ANNETTE RUBINSTEIN

FRIDAY TO SUNDAY, JULY 24 TO 26

Dr. Rubinstein will discuss Individualism in American Literature, New Developments in Chinese Fiction, and Classic Women Novelists.

CONSTITUENCY BUILDING

SUNDAY TO THURSDAY, JULY 26 TO 30

Speakers: Pat Farren, editor, Peacework; Matthew Borenstein, campaign organizer, New Haven Green Party; Ellen David Friedman, Vermont NEA; Frank M. Emspak, assistant business agent, IUE 201; Gina Bilander, photographer.

THREATS TO HEALTH

FRIDAY TO THURSDAY, JULY 31 TO AUGUST 6

Discussions include: The Politics of AIDS, AIDS in Its Historical Context, Cancer and the Workplace, The Struggle for a National Health System. Program will include screening of "Half-Life," the award-winning documentary film on the effects of nuclear bomb testing in the Pacific.

For room, board, camping, program times and other information: World Fellowship, R.D. 136, Conway, NH 03818, (603) 447-2280.

1987 Summer Conference
Union for Radical Political Economics

LABOR AND THE LEFT IN THE REAGAN ECONOMY

AUGUST 26 TO 30

Sandwich, Cape Cod

Join us for the annual gathering at a beautiful Cape Cod site. This year's conference, "Labor and the Left in the Reagan Economy," will feature Dennis Altman (La Trobe University), Larian Angelo (United Electrical Workers), Cliff Anstein (British Columbia Labor Council), Leslie Cagan (Mobilization for Survival), Mike Davis (New Left Review), Sarah Diamond (U.C. Berkeley), Pat Gibbs (Association of Professional Flight Attendants), David Laibman (Science and Society), Manning Marable (Purdue University), Michelle Naples (Rutgers University), Ray Rogers (Corporate Campaign), Bill Tabb (CUNY) and others on a variety of panels, workshops and political economy classes.

Themes of the classes include Value Theory, Labor Economics, Political Economy of Class and Gender, Econometrics and Introduction to Political Economy.

Cultural and recreational activities and child care included.

For details write URPE, 155 W. 23rd Street, 12th floor, New York, NY 10011, or call (212) 691-5722.

Submissions for workshops on all political economy themes are still being accepted.

EVENTS PLACEMENT FORM

$20 per ½ inch. 1-inch minimum.

Discounts: 2nd run 40% off.
Contact The Nation for long-term contract discounts.

Typesetting: We typeset all event ads.
Logos/artwork can be incorporated for an extra charge of $10.

Deadline: Wednesday, 17 days before cover date.

Enclosed is a check* for:

____$40 for a 1-inch ad
____$60 for 1½ inches.
____$80 for 2 inches.
____$____for____inches.

*Determine size by comparing your ad to recent event ads.

Organization: _____

Address: _____

_____

Clip form, attach ad copy and send to The Nation, Events, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

range of strings from the bass to the cello goes all the way from the top of the treble clef to the bottom of the bass clef. With the brass I've got the same thing. Percussion, too, with two drummers—that gives me twelve drums. And with all the reeds I play, it's like having a little orchestra. So I approach it like a reduction for orchestra." And the audiences who pack Sweet Basil and S.O.B.'s in New York City love it.

Like other jazz pioneers around his age, Threadgill sees the development of a new audience—raised on rock but beyond MTV's banalities and radio's formatted straitjackets—as a positive coefficient of the music's evolution. Not that he expects that movement to be peaceful. "See, there's enough confusion about musical styles right now that it might be an indication about some new light coming out of ignorance and turmoil—it seems to need that turmoil to let it grow, like when a child is born and there's a lot of tension and pain for the woman giving birth. I'm not a pessimist, I'm a dreamer, and a dreamer is an optimist by definition. But I have to face the facts around me. Decomposition and reintegration is what's needed in music today."

Characteristically aligning his theory and practice, Threadgill combines his thematic interest in birth and death with his desire for a gig that would allow him to write constantly for a set group of players. "America is so afraid of death," he says. "All these devices—plastic surgery, cryogenics, storage of organs, moving further and further away from the graveyard—just show a fear of life and reality. I'd like to put a band in a funeral parlor and work there. That'd put me in a position to be like Bach, to have an ensemble to write for weekly. It'd be special, something for each person who's died. We've got to accept the idea that death is part of life. A healthier understanding of that would give us more material to express ourselves in a larger way, and keep us out of the kind of ignorance that enslaves." □

ADVERTISE IN THE NATION
Call (212) 242-8400

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to The Nation Institute.

For information write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

EXCHANGE: our 2-bedroom Manhattan apartment for your Eastern seaside cottage (other cool, scenic settings considered), one week in August. (212) 777-7579.

MANHATTAN WEST 90S, large, sunny, furnished studio, ideal for office. $490 monthly. Call (212) 749-3387.

BEAUTIFUL BROOKLYN SUBLET. Share with woman July and August, convenient to Manhattan. Own bedroom, livingroom, study, huge kitchen. Woman preferred. $400 negotiable. Call Nell at (718) 857-2950.

SUMMER SUBLET. Upper East Side. Comfortable studio for single or couple. Air-conditioned, doorman building. Near museums. August 1 through Labor Day, $800, or 2-3 weeks during August. Call evenings, (212) 289-9135.

APARTMENTS DESIRED

WHITNEY EMPLOYEE seeks clean 1-bedroom in Manhattan, starting August 1. $800 to $1,100. Sublet O.K. Call Michael (212) 650-0086 .

BOOKS

DEVASTATING BIBLE CRITIQUE—read, while it's still allowed—300 blasphemous pages. $7.75. Colvin, 345 Culver, Playa del Rey, CA 90293.

WILL ANYONE, ANYWHERE SURVIVE THE AMERICAN CENTURY? This book reviews the danger to the survival of civilization and perhaps humanity itself inherent in the U.S. government's foreign and military policies. It discusses what most authors on the subject ignore: the motivations—economic, patriotic, religious (I refer to the Religion of Progress)—underlying those policies. At your bookstore. Or order from Vantage Press, 516 West 34th Street, New York, NY 10001. Send $13.95, plus $1.25 postage and handling. New York State residents please add sales tax.

"The bible of the euthanasia movement." 60 Minutes

Let Me Die Before I Wake

By Derek Humphry
Practical advice to the dying about accelerating the end.
In bookstores/$10.
$10 plus $2 shipping when ordered from
The Hemlock Society
POB 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

FREE BOOK SEARCH by specialist bookfinder. Send titles to: Continental Book Search, Box 1163-N, New York, NY 10009.

CASSETTES

NOAM CHOMSKY—Global Context of U.S. Middle East Policy; Propaganda System; Israel, The Holocaust and Anti-Semitism. 3 cassettes; $8 each. David Barsamian, 1415 Dellwood, Boulder CO 80302.

COMPUTERS

LONG-TIME NATION EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to Nation readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? Caring, mature, experienced psychotherapist will help you resolve them. Short-term treatment where possible. Sliding scale. (212) 466-6775.

EDUCATION

STUDY SPANISH IN NICARAGUA

Four hours of classes daily, meetings with political leaders, family living and community work. Monthly entry dates.

Casa Nicaraguense de Espanol. 853 Broadway, Room 1105, New York, NY 10003. (212) 777-1197. Spaces still available for 8/10 and fall classes.

VISIT NICARAGUA

Spanish courses, family living and community work in Esteli. Scholarships available. Apply now for 1987 sessions. NICA, PO Box 1409-XX, Cambridge, MA 02238. (617) 497-7142.

FINANCIAL PLANNING

GRAPHICAL ECONOMETRICS. Economics modeled by process engineering flow diagram shows complete economic system, clearly reveals deficiencies in conventional perceptions and presents preliminary estimates of ground rents. Send $5 to Walter Swanton, 332 Countess Drive, Rochester, NY 14586.

GIFTS

RADICAL RAGS—The Nation T-shirt. Comfortable (100% cotton), sleek (white lettering on red or black T-shirt) and inexpensive ($9.95 each, includes UPS delivery). S,M,L,XL. Mail to The Nation, Radical Rags, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York NY 10011. New York State residents add appropriate sales tax.

INSURANCE

RWP/SHAFFER ASSOCIATES
INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
174-03 Horace Harding Expressway
Fresh Meadows, NY 11365-0166
718-357-6688, 516-466-6600

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MERCHANDISE

BUMPER STICKER—REMEMBER ADLAI: "LET'S TALK SENSE TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE" Send $3 (2/$5) SASE: Bachrach, 378 May, Worcester, MA 01602.

SPECIAL EARRINGS DISCOUNTED. 14K, GF, $5. All styles and designs available: Nation Box 215.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHIP MODEL COLLECTION and related nautical artifacts for sale (212) 737-8888.

ORGANIZATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with The Nation? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Nancy Bacher (212) 242-8400.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: N, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS
A Nation box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $7.50 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

SENSITIVE, CARING, ACTIVIST, NYC male, early 30s with a variety of interests and sense of humor seeks compatible female. Nation Box 346.

SCANDINAVIA-ENGLAND-USA: Network of cultured unattached members, seeking enlightened correspondence, lasting friendship. Scanna International, Box 4-HN, Pittsford, NY 14534.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER links compatible, peace-oriented singles, all areas. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

DEATH-ROW INMATE seeks compassion, understanding and kindness in a woman. Write: R. Alfred Williams, P-8467, Drawer-R, Huntington, PA 16652.

SCOTS-IRISH WIDOWER, writer, 67, needs unencumbered courageous woman. Nonsmoke, travel, sunsets, adventures, laughter. Nation Box 354.

LIVELY, BOOK-LOVING NYC woman, 38, seeks upbeat man. Zest for work, play and the arts is vital. Nation Box 356.

NY METRO SWF, 31, with a sense of humor and a social conscience seeks complementary counterpart— a non-macho man with varied interests. Note and phone please. Nation Box 358.

SELECT SINGLES REGISTRY, a forum for information exchange. Find dates, mates, friends. Read about others. Two-month trial subscription, $5. Box 194, Savannah, GA 31402.

PERSONALS

LOVELY, LIVELY LADY—Brooklyn. Writer, actress, activist, seeks caring relationship with mensch in good physical and mental shape. Nation Box 357.

SEPTUAGENARIAN VIRGIN, WWM, poor Tarheel, marathon runner, Mensan, seeks lively mate for next forty-eight years. Nation Box 359.

SWM, IDEALIST ARCHITECT, isolated in Charlotte, will travel for friendship with beautiful, intelligent, young woman who believes morals are more important than money. Nation Box 360.

WF, 40, COLLEGE-EDUCATED, seeks Palestinian M to share Mideast interest, romance. Nation Box 361.

If responding to a Nation box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, The Nation. Sell ad space in The Nation to publishing, nonprofit, corporate and product advertisers via phone, letter and sales calls. Strong promotion, follow-through skills and proven track record required. Resume and letter to: David Parker, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Engineers, Technicians, Businesspeople, Computer Professionals, Mechanics, etc.,
NICARAGUA NEEDS YOU!
Volunteers are urgently needed for 2-week training and consulting positions in various governmental and non-governmental agencies. Trips leave every month. Please contact:
tecNICA, Dept. N, 2727 College Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94705 415-848-0292

THE NATION is looking for an individual to administer and expand domestic and foreign newsstand sales. Applicants should be well organized, detail oriented and comfortable promoting the magazine over the phone and in person. 15 to 20 hours per week with flexibility in setting up work schedule. Send resume to: The Nation, Box 262, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LABOR UNION LAW FIRM located in Village seeks experienced secretary with excellent skills, word processing. $22,000-$25,000. Excellent benefits. Call Diane (212) 473-1122.

FUNDRAISER, full time for Central America anti-intervention group. Some experience and commitment required. $800/month net, benefits. CISPES (212) 431-9251.

PUBLICATIONS/EDUCATION DIRECTOR for Democratic Socialists of America. Responsibilities include editing and production of three periodicals and all literature, public relations and organizing conferences. Salary $18,000-$24,000. Send resume immediately to DSA, 15 Dutch Street, Room 500, New York, NY 10038.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZER. Organize on housing issues in Park Slope, Brooklyn. Fluency in Spanish required. Salary negotiable. FAC, 375 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11215.

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230 per year. Now hiring. Call (805) 687-6000 ext. R-3596 for current Federal list.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

RESEARCHER. Service-sector labor union has opening for researcher in Sacramento, California, field office. Responsible for public and private employer financial and wage analysis and general support for collective bargaining. Salary low $20s; full benefits. Experience in budget/financial analysis required; union experience desired. Send resume and writing sample to: PO Box 28095, Washington, DC 20038-8095.

BOSTON CENTRAL AMERICA SOLIDARITY ASSOCIATION now hiring: 1) INFORMATION COORDINATOR to coordinate media, inter-organizational and intra-organizational relations; 2) DONOR PROGRAM COORDINATOR to coordinate large donor, sustainer and direct-mail programs; 3) MANAGING EDITOR, CENTRAL AMERICA REPORT, 3/5 time, to coordinate production for this 8-12 page bilingual monthly. All CASA positions include some political organizing and fundraising responsibilities. All positions pay to $15,000 (full time) + benefits. Women and Third World persons encouraged to apply. Respond in writing ASAP to: Search Committee, CASA, 1151 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138; (617) 492-8699.

LAW STUDENT-Second or third year; part time, hourly basis. Constitutional, Antitrust, RICO case law research, reports. Writing skills essential. Nation Box 214.

DIRECTOR wanted for legal human rights office, September 1987. Bicultural, bilingual Spanish-English, strong management skills, experience law, cbo, social agency. Legal background immigration law preferred. Salary negotiable. Resumes by July 31: Gladis Murillo, Central American Refugee Center, 5 Centre Street, Hempstead, NY 11550.

OVERSEAS JOBS. Hundreds of new openings every month. Details: Mr. Information, Box 955-362, Ganges, B.C., Canada V0S 1E0.

CISPES STAFF OPENING: Campaign Coordinator. Philadelphia CISPES (Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) is looking for an experienced organizer to coordinate major fall campaign. Position is full time, July-November 1987; salary commensurate with experience. Contact: Philadelphia CISPES (212) 843-7440.

NATIONAL MOBILIZATON FOR SURVIVAL seeks Fundraising Coordinator: administer and coordinate direct mail, grant writing, donor solicitation, phone bank. Writing skills essential; previous fundraising experience desired. Available immediately. $18,000 per year (negotiable) plus benefits. Resume/writing samples to MFS Search, 853 Broadway, #418, New York, NY 10003; (212) 995-8787.

FUNDRAISER
National Director of Development for 9to5, National Asssociation of Working Women. Grant writing and telemarketing supervision. Excellent writing skills and political experience essential. Cleveland location. Salary $20s. Send resume to Martha Gibbons, 614 Superior Avenue N.W., Cleveland, OH 44113.

PARALEGAL: (Litigation) File and fact organizing, cite checking, shepardizing, proofreading, fact investigation, document responsibility. Small firm, congenial atmosphere. Salary negotiable. Send resume to: Alexis DiVincenti, 16th floor, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

UNION ORGANIZERS

Regional offices of a national industrial union has openings for experienced dynamic organizers. For referrals, send resumes to ACTWU, 15 Union Square, New York, NY 10003, attention: Organizing.

PUBLICATIONS

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, $30. Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, "Promoting the Arts in Small Communities," $6. Special prices for bulk orders.

RADICAL 16TH-CENTURY CHRISTIAN DOCUMENT. Read story of Anabaptist Hutterites who've lived in community of goods for 450 years. Now translated into modern English. "Few books contain records of such suffering, human fortitude, loyalty to one's faith."—John Walz, Harvard. 900 pp. $36. Call (914) 339-6680.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER. A monthly newsletter covering business and economics from a left viewpoint. One year $15. Sample $1. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

SKINNYDIPPER

FREE BODY ACCEPTANCE, NUDE RECREATION INFO. Send long, self-addressed, stamped envelope. CLOTHED WITH THE SUN magazine sample $7. Baxandall's WORLD GUIDE TO NUDE BEACHES 208 pp. illustrated, $17.95 pp.

The Naturist Society
PO Box 132-N, Oshkosh, WI 54902

ATTENTION BIRD LOVERS! Author's query for a book on career of woman environmentalist 1929-1962. If you knew Rosalie Edge of the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association and the Emergency Conservation Committee, or know someone who did, please write Robin Epstein at The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

PUBLICATIONS

CHRISTIANS IN THE SANDINISTA REVOLUTION

Recent interview with Luis Carrion of the FSLN National Directorate and former leader of the revolutionary Christian movement against Somoza.

By Marta Harnecker. 16 p. $2.00 ppd.

New Americas Press, P.O. Box 40874-N, San Francisco, CA 94140.
Free catalog of Central America resources also available.

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

ACCURACY IN OPPOSITION: Using reason as the alternative to religious superstition. $6 per year, sample $1. American Rationalist, Box 994, Dept. E, St. Louis, MO 63188.

THE STRANGE CASE OF BABY M

"It seems that a woman can rent her womb in the state of New Jersey, although not her vagina . . ."

Outspoken as usual, Katha Pollitt tackles the surrogacy question in the May 23 issue of The Nation. With verve and style she dissects "contract motherhood," finding it demeaning and disturbing, rewarding paternalism and a paradigm of reproductive Reaganomics.

For a copy of the issue featuring Pollitt's important article, send a $3 check or money order, payable to The Nation, to Box L, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add appropriate sales tax.)

FREE! Nation 1958-1986, almost complete. Call (616) 345-1908, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

PLAINSWOMAN: articles, fiction, poetry about women in Plains region. Subscriptions $20; 10 issues yearly. POB 8027N, Grand Forks, ND 58202.

"ISLAM AND HOLISTIC HEALTH." Special issue containing Moslems speaking out about the West's "alternative": $6 (160 pp.) and/or FREE literature: CRITIQUE, PO Box 11368, Santa Rosa, CA 95406.

PUBLICATIONS

CARING FOR YOUR OWN DEAD. With or without a funeral director. Moving, 343-page book with state laws, practical information. Widely acclaimed. $14.95. Hardcover, $19.95. Upper Access Publishers, Box 457-C, Hinesburg VT 05461. (802) 482-2988.

CENTRAL AMERICA FOR THE BEGINNER: Understanding American Foreign Policy. $3. CenAm, 1817 Welton, Denver, CO 80202.

COPIES OF THE HISTORIC 120th anniversary issue of The Nation are available from the New York office. The cost is $4 each, $2.50 each for 10 or more (postpaid). Send order to: The Nation, Attn: Anniversary Issue, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES FROM $1. (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (805) 687-6000, ext. GH-3596.

COLORADO ROCKIES: Condominium sales and rentals at Copper Mountain Resort (year-round resort). 70 miles west of Denver; 24 miles east of Vail. Call 1-800-5-COPPER or write: Carbonate Real Estate Company, PO Box 3216, Copper Mountain, CO 80443.

RELIGION

JESUS FICTITIOUS—NEVER EXISTED! Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created Jesus, Gospels. $4. Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064.

RENTALS

JAMAICA, W.I. Cottage on cove. $300 weekly, includes cook, caretaker. Long terms negotiable. Bruno (518) 851-2754 (evenings).

LAST CHANCE

to rent 18th-century saltbox cottage in Sag Harbor's historic district, August 1 to 16. Sloping floors, cats, gardens, hammock, pond and orchard view. Walk to town, bike to bay or ocean. Call (516) 725-0257 or (212) 242-8400, ext. 24.

ANGUILLA. Lovely, hilltop 1-bedroom furnished villa near beautiful, deserted beaches. Will sleep four. Dr. Rubenstein, PO Box 1948, Brattleboro, VT 05301. (802) 257-7436.

SERVICES

EXPERT HOUSEPAINTER—and socially conscious, too. Prompt, neat, reasonable rates. Airless sprayer for large spaces. 10 years experience. References. Free estimate. Call and leave message. (718) 388-0490.

TRAVEL

"ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER," facts, destinations, recommendations on unusual cruising. $3 TravLtips, Box 188U7A, Flushing, NY 11358.

NICARAGUA. People-to-people, one-week trip delegations from Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, or join us in Mexico City. Write for summer or fall schedule: Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $1.25 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $50 per column inch.

Deadline: Wednesday, 17 days prior to Saturday issue date.

Discounts: Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, 10 more free.

To: THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for ____ weeks, plus ____ weeks free.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

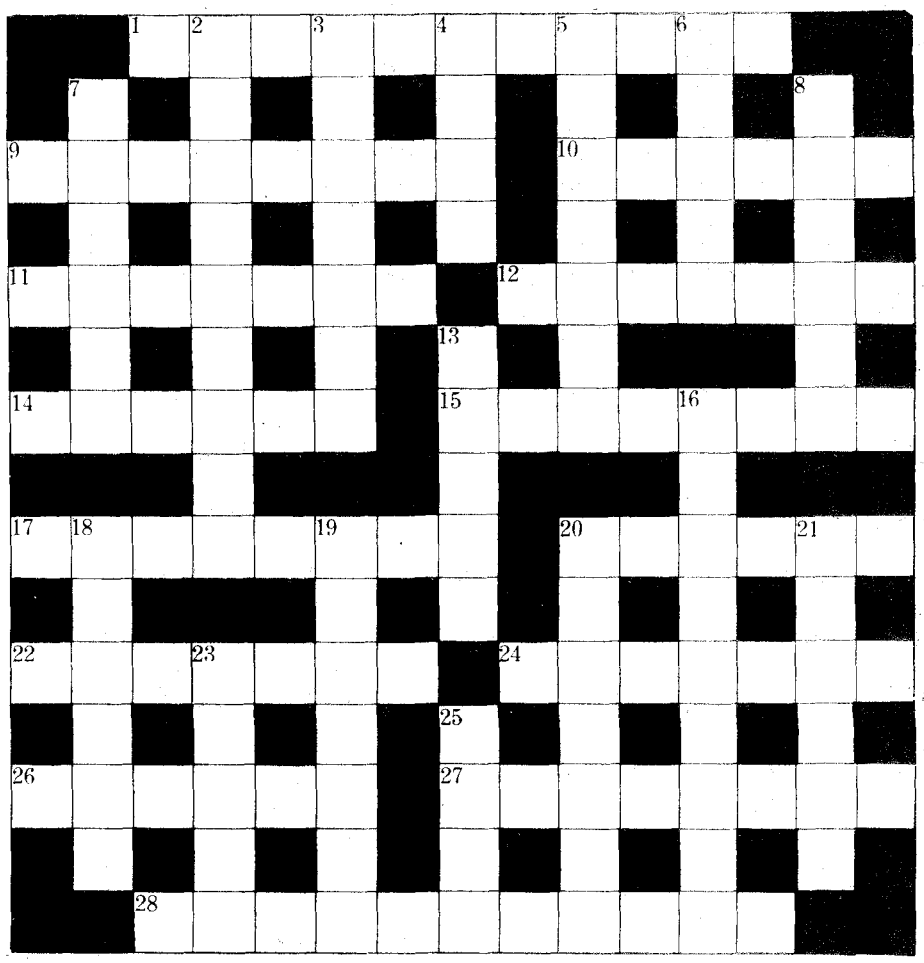
Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment must accompany order. **Payment in U.S. currency.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 2158

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Old wind instrument? (7,4)
9 It's the way one might speak, if mad and in deep trouble, which is wicked. (8)
10 Caught with what someone did at the checkout counter. (6)
11 On the field, on the stage, in the pit—one finds them in soft thicknesses spread over the surface. (7)
12 and 14 Vermont, for example, often cut down, and getting to the core of things with the latest technical capability. (5-2-3-3)
15 An example of these? A further conclusion with the other example! (One might read such.) (7)
17 The stars lie out of position for those who think things are naturally so. (8)
20 A drowsy nod seldom shows them as church groups. (6)
22 Traditionally a Missourian? (Especially in London!) (7)
24 Associated with 7 down by Adam Smith —however is not an anagram . . . or is it? (7)
26 The spa in season? Act quickly! (6)
27 Danny Kaye said an oboe is one of these. (Evidently some don't find their blowing is bad.) (3,5)
28 Malice shown by those that Goldilocks visited? (To be charitable, one shouldn't do it!) (4,3,4)

DOWN

2 Reveille? (One might leave a request for such.) (5,4)
3 Always allow about one example of a baby bunny's relative. (7)
4 Offer some assistance to a production of an opera. (4)
5 You'll find a small portion in your "titfer," as the cockney says, where you live. (7)
6 Ultraconservative, if far from one of those things granted by the Constitution. (5)
7 Breaking the law is something the get-rich-quick try for! (6)
8 How 23 goeth, if you consider the fall. (6)
13 Spare components to describe grammatically. (5)
16 Eat, drink and be merry? If you like to, you can be it. (9)
18 Sort of see about one's headgear, perhaps, and get away with this. (6)
19 Drink? (You hope it isn't applied to you, when a certain kind of buzzer is seen.) (7)
20 One doesn't make a thing after 26, but the pig seems to get around the protective barrier. (7)
21 Strip where the lion lives, not exactly due to it. (6)
23 Might make novel association with prejudice. (5)
25 Do economic students consider him a grind? (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

TRAVEL

VISIT EL SALVADOR: Intensive Spanish classes begin weekly; community living; cultural study/tours; (202) 544-6147.

CHICAGO FRIENDSHIP TOUR

September 12 to October 2—20 days

From Chicago and return via air. Includes city tour plus a cultural event in each city as schedules permit. Also includes meetings with Friendship Society in most cities. Ample time for shopping.

Leningrad 5 days • **Volgograd** 3 days
Kharkow 3 days • **Kursk** 3 days
Moscow 4 days • **Copenhagen** 1 day.

There will be special events for the 70th Anniversary in Leningrad. In Kursk there will be, for the first time, visits to homes of Soviet workers, where an evening meal will be prepared jointly, and visits to factories where they work and schools where their children go.

Includes first class accommodations, all transportation and meals.

Total cost $2,495 (plus visa fees and departure tax of $38.)

Chicago Council for USA-USSR Friendship
185 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, IL 60601
Phone: (312) 368-1441

DELEGATIONS TO NICARAGUA. Departing monthly July-November. Anniversary, Educators, Artists, Women. $890 roundtrip from Mexico. Sociopolitical itinerary. Casa Nicaragua (312) 728-5561.

T-SHIRTS

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution screened on a Quality T-Shirt
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT. 10
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920

SPECIAL
2 For $13.95 PPD!
$9.95 Each PPD.
Red/White/Lt. Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL

HANG ON HOOK UP

QUALITY T-SHIRTS
Designs for our times that say it up front!

Hand screened
Non-toxic water base inks
Heavyweight Cotton
Write for Free Brochure!
HANG ON-HOOK UP
Box 2869 dept.n-PETALUMA, CA.94953-2869

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2157

C	O	M	M	A	N	D	I	N	G	■	A	M	O	K
R	■	A	■	M	■	E	■	I	■	M	■	A	■	I
O	Y	S	T	E	R	S	■	A	B	A	N	D	O	N
S	■	T	■	N	■	E	■	G	■	G	■	E	■	G
S	E	E	N	■	B	R	E	A	K	I	N	T	W	O
W	■	R	■	H	■	V	■	R	■	C	■	H	■	F
O	B	S	C	E	N	E	■	A	I	L	M	E	N	T
R	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	H
D	E	R	I	D	E	D	■	C	O	M	P	E	T	E
P	■	E	■	L	■	O	■	E	■	P	■	M	■	F
U	N	T	W	I	S	T	I	N	G	■	E	B	R	O
Z	■	Y	■	N	■	E	■	T	■	L	■	R	■	R
Z	I	P	P	E	R	S	■	A	V	E	R	A	G	E
L	■	E	■	S	■	O	■	U	■	A	■	C	■	S
E	N	D	S	■	I	N	G	R	E	D	I	E	N	T

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN URGENT CALL TO PROTECT THE FIRST AMENDMENT

The arrests on January 26, 1987, and threatened deportation of seven members of the Palestinian community in Los Angeles present a strong challenge to the First Amendment. The seven are charged, under Section 241(a)(6) of the McCarthy era McCarran-Walter Act, with "membership" or "affiliation" in the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP). The PFLP is claimed, in the government's charges, to be an organization that advocates the economic, international and governmental doctrines of world communism within the meaning of this largely discredited law.

None of the seven is charged with any criminal acts, nor has the FBI, by its own admission, brought forward any criminal evidence. Their only alleged "crime" is their sympathy with the views of the PFLP, as reflected in their alleged possession of magazines and other literature published by that organization. The seven have lived in the United States for many years without incident and each of them has been an active participant in the social, cultural and political life of the Palestinian community and in the community at large in Los Angeles. Since the arrests, there is increased fear in the Arab-American community of discussion of issues relating to the political situation in the Middle East and of possession of literature about such topics. The government's actions threaten to stifle a lively political debate in the Arab-American community.

By law, the constitutional protections of the First Amendment do not depend upon U.S. citizenship. The First Amendment protects all persons living within our borders and is meant to preserve precisely the kind of political debate and discussion that has been challenged by these arrests and deportation proceedings. The courts should act immediately to repair this damage by dropping the charges and by striking down Section 241(a)(6) as a clear violation of the First Amendment; and Congress should repeal Section 241(a)(6), as proposed in the Free Trade in Ideas Bill now pending in Congress, so that First Amendment rights are fully protected for everyone.

In this year of the 200th anniversary of the U.S. Constitution, all persons concerned with civil liberties should speak out against the current arrests and proceedings.

SIGNATORIES

Aris Anagnos, Vice President, Americans for Democratic Action, Southern California
Carolyn Anagnos, Vice President, Americans for Democratic Action, Southern California
Carol Ascher, author
Prof. Frank Askin, Rutgers University School of Law
Ed Asner, actor
David Haward Bain, writer
Richard Barnett, Institute for Policy Studies
Rabbi Leonard I. Beerman, Leo Baeck Temple, Los Angeles
Asia Bennett, Exec. Secretary, American Friends Service Committee
Rabbi Balfour Brickner, Senior Rabbi, Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, New York City
Prof. Burton Caine, School of Law, Temple University; President, American Civil Liberties Union of Greater Philadelphia
David Carliner, attorney at law
Bishop Roy C. Clark, United Methodist Church
Prof. Vincent Crapanzano, Queens College, CUNY
the Honorable Ron Dellums, member of Congress
Bishop Jesse R. DeWitt, United Methodist Church
Prof. Norman Dorsen, President, American Civil Liberties Union
Rev. Robert F. Drinan, S.J., Professor, Georgetown University Law School
Prof. Thomas I. Emerson, Yale University School of Law
Prof. Robert Engler, City University of New York
Prof. Richard Falk, Princeton University
Prof. Stephen Jay Gould, Harvard University
Adam Hochschild, *Mother Jones* Magazine
Prof. Arlie Hochschild, University of California, Berkeley
Casey Kasem, entertainer
Jeane Kasem, actress
Philip M. Klutznick, Honorary President, B'nai B'rith International
Bishop James Lloyd Knox, United Methodist Church
Arthur J. Kobacker, corporate Chief Executive Officer
Lucy Komisar, author
Jerzy Kosinski, author
Prof. Salvador Luria, Nobel Laureate
Bishop Calvin D. McConnell, United Methodist Church
Prof. Seymour Melman, Columbia University
Prof. Everett Mendelsohn, Harvard University
Rabbi Marshall T. Meyer, Congregation B'nai Jeshurun, New York City
Mary Morris, author
Gus Newport, former Mayor, Berkeley, Ca.
Grace Paley, author
Charles Patterson, author
Dr. Avery D. Post, President, United Church of Christ
Ramona Ripston, Executive Director, People for the American Way
Alex J. Rosenberg, Treas., Nat. Emergency Civil Liberties Committee
Prof. Edward Said, Columbia University
Prof. Stuart Schaar, Brooklyn College, CUNY
Prof. Sylvan Schweber, Brandeis University
Stanley K. Sheinbaum, Regent, University of California
Dr. Saundra Shepherd, Director of Social Pediatrics, Montifiore Hospital, New York
Prof. Archibald Singham, Brooklyn College, CUNY
Prof. Philippa Strum, President, American-Israel Civil Liberties Committee
Rose Styron, author, Co-Chair, PEN Freedom to Write Committee
William Styron, author
Prof. John M. Swomley, St. Paul School of Theology
Milton Viorst, writer
Kurt Vonnegut, author
Prof. George Wald, Nobel Laureate
Alice Walker, author
Rev. Benjamin M. Weir, former hostage
Peter Weiss, Vice President, Center for Constitutional Rights
Stanley S. Weithorn, Partner, Baer Marks & Upham
Rabbi Sherwin T. Wine, Birmingham Temple, Society for Humanistic Judaism
Prof. John Womack, Jr., Harvard University
(Affiliations listed for identification purposes only.)

UPDATE

After this statement was circulated, the Immigration and Naturalization Service dropped the political charges against six of the accused; attorneys for the government declared that they will press charges of technical visa violations first, then bring political information about the six to the judge *in secret in order to ensure their deportation.* In the cases of the two lawful permanent residents ("green card" holders) among the eight, the specific charges under McCarran-Walter have been changed. Now they are charged with "membership in or affiliation with an organization which teaches or advocates the unlawful damage, injury or destruction of property." On May 11 U.S. Immigration Judge Ingrid Hrycenko, angry that a top immigration official failed to appear at a scheduled deportation hearing, dismissed all charges against the eight defendants. The next day the Immigration and Naturalization Service refiled the charges. The threat to First Amendment rights continues, despite these changes in official tactics.

Funds are urgently needed to ensure the eight threatened with deportation with an effective legal defense.

Please send your tax-deductible contribution to:
Committee for Justice
Post Office Box 4631
Los Angeles, California 90051

I SUPPORT THE FIRST AMENDMENT. Here is my contribution of ☐ $1000 ☐ $500 ☐ $100 ☐ $_____ to help pay for legal expenses.

Name:_____
(please print)

Address: _____

_____

Telephone: (___) _____

Please make checks payable to:
The National Immigration Project—Los Angeles Case.
The National Immigration Project is part of The National Lawyers' Guild.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED